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SPEIGHT

LADY CHETWODE AND HER SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE REAL EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

WHEN the elementary teachers held their Easter Conference, we took occasion to point out that there is a vast difference between the Parliamentary controversy and the real danger to education. The parties in the political strife may be likened to Swift's Thick-enders and Thin-enders. While they are addressing violent language to one another from rival platforms, there is reason to believe that the education of children in this country is becoming more and more of a sham. During the last few weeks there have been many indications to show that the more reflective minds in the country are being convinced of the fact. Those who doubt it may be invited to consider the witnesses and their testimony. In the front we place Mrs. Close, whose experience as an Inspector of Schools enables her to speak with authority. Her description would be taken for caricature if it were not so exact. She says that in an ordinary village school an attempt is made to give the children a smattering of seventeen different subjects of instruction, and the result is that they are taught absolutely nothing. Her contention is that it would be of greater service to the country if a few simple subjects were taken and taught slowly and thoroughly. For a child to make a ludicrous attempt to parse a difficult passage in "Hamlet," or to give the chemical analysis of an egg, is of less value than the ability to read a simple passage of prose with understanding. Mrs. Close speaks with special authority on all that pertains to girlhood, and she tells us that girls are not prepared in school to undertake the duties that devolve upon them. The teaching is in many ways a sham. Instruction is given in cookery; but the working-man soon learns that the Board School wife he may happen to choose cannot prepare his dinner in the way his or her mother could. Ask a young servant to lay and light a fire, to boil a potato, to dust a room, and it will speedily be discovered that she has neither received good instruction nor been taught sound and orderly habits.

In the rate of infant mortality we have terrible proof that she has never been fitted to undertake the duties of motherhood. We do not by any means suggest that these duties should be specifically taught. That would only be to advocate the putting of fresh subjects into the syllabus—subjects to be "got up" in the stupid manner with which we are too familiar. No, this is not the point; it is so to develop a girl's intelligence that she may be trusted to acquit herself creditably in any position in which she may be placed, be it earning her bread or becoming mistress of a household. The education of the day—particularly that given in our villages—only develops and encourages incompetency. In this connection the reader may be advised to peruse with care the paper which will be found in our agricultural section under the heading "The Education of the Farm Labourer." Our contributor prefers to write over the signature of "W.," but we imagine that many of our subscribers are aware that this is only the initial letter of a name highly distinguished in practical agriculture. It belongs to a square, level-headed man, who is neither a faddist nor addicted to fault-finding. But ultimately the children of his village go to him for employment, and he is well able to speak of the practical outcome of our school system. He reiterates the criticism of Mrs. Close, although it is only fair to say that his paper was written several weeks ago, and before others had drawn his attention to the matter. He, likewise, finds that too many subjects are attempted and the rudiments taught in a most unsatisfactory manner. "Most boys," he finds, "after a year or two on the farms read and write very moderately, are extremely hazy about figures and quite forget all about the other subjects with which they have been crammed." At fifteen they "are of no more value to their employers than boys were formerly at the age of eight to ten years." Nor does he in the slightest degree wish that the children should grow up into mere labourers. In point of fact, those among them who are capable have a variety of careers to choose from. On estates where pedigree stock are kept, there is an unsatisfied demand for young men specially qualified to look after them, and those who fit themselves for this specialised work are able to command high wages for their services. By the Small Holdings Act, too, we have erected a ladder by means of which the industrious and clever may satisfy their ambition. But all else is in vain unless our schools foster more intelligence in the pupils than they at present display.

These allegations are uncontradicted. Even the apologists for the present system can find no other way out of the difficulty than by explaining that the inefficient teachers drift into village schools. The public has been accustomed to repose with a sense of security on the belief that the Department of Education sees to it that only the qualified are allowed to teach. This illusion is being very rudely dispelled. Mr. Yoxall, M.P., speaking with unequalled knowledge of his subject, says that half the children in the country are taught by unqualified teachers. The Bishop of Hereford says the "objectionable practice of appointing cheap uncertified teachers has been much too prevalent." Within the last fortnight we have known a woman of forty who failed as a domestic servant appointed head-mistress of a considerable village school. Her intelligence may be judged from the fact that she explained the existence of yew trees in churchyards as having been due to the fact that those who fled from the avenger of blood used to take sanctuary in the church, and make bows of the yew trees to shoot at their enemies! What is the use of advocating Nature teaching and agricultural education if the task of carrying them out is to be entrusted to such intelligence as is thus exemplified?

Here, then, is a real educational question, as apart from the merely political differences of opinion. The country may well require that it be strictly looked into. Under present conditions education is a highly expensive luxury. We have expensive schools, teachers to a great extent trained at the expense of the country and a regiment of inspectors whose salaries come from the taxpayers' pockets. But the outlay and labour are certainly not producing results commensurate with the sacrifice they entail. It is doubtful if town children are efficiently educated; those in the country are worse off than they were before the passing of Mr. Forster's Act.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Chetwode and her little son. Lady Chetwode is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. R. S. G. Stapleton-Cotton, and her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Philip Chetwode, Bt., D.S.O., of Oakley, Staffordshire, was celebrated in 1899.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



In the history of Turkey the past week will ever have a great historical importance, since it has witnessed one of the most complete Revolutions in modern times. The events that led up to it are too recent to need recapitulation, but the outstanding occurrences began with the Revolution of last July, which was the immediate cause of the troubles in the Near East. The next event of supreme importance was the mutiny of April 13th. This was followed by the march on Constantinople last Saturday, and the fighting which was fully described in Monday's papers. Finally came the deposition of Abdul Hamid on Tuesday, and the choice of his brother, Mahomed Reschad Effendi, as Sultan in his stead. In all this the young Turks have exhibited a promptitude and resolution which has always been characteristic of the Turks when action was really required of them, although their general aspect is one of tranquillity that almost approaches being stolid. What will be the sequel no one can at present tell. Between the party of progress and that of reaction a struggle is almost inevitable. The situation that has arisen is not unlike that which existed here after the Revolution, when the deposed Stuarts still found adherents in the remote districts of the country.

Abdul Hamid's character is a subject for curious study. He is a gentleman of manners so perfect that intercourse with him was a pleasure. A born diplomat, he placed complete trust in intrigue. But there never was a more wasteful Monarch, or one who troubled less about right and wrong. Far from being a Nero, he appears to have had a disposition so clement that he could scarcely be induced to sign a death sentence even when the criminal's design had been directed against himself. Yet the minister or servant who offended him was doomed to strangulation or imprisonment. Another apparent contradiction was that, although his friends considered him moderate to asceticism in his pleasures, it has been calculated that his harem cost four million pounds a year to keep up. He was continually occupied in its management, and no wonder, since the establishment consisted of 12,500 persons, mostly women. He was never a brave man, and on more than one occasion betrayed the most arrant cowardice, as when in sheer terror he shut himself up for three days after the assassination of the Shah of Persia. In such a nature cunning takes the place of valour, and he must have had wit of his own to remain so long Sultan.

In bringing forward the suggestions which he has called Principles and Methods of University Reform, Lord Curzon tactfully describes the Chancellor as being "not so much the first official as the first servant of the University." And the courage, good sense and moderation of the document are in harmony with this attitude. It would serve no purpose were we to pass a hurried judgment on his proposals, especially as this would have to be done without following the able and clear reasoning with which Lord Curzon advances his argument. But a word may be said as to the points most likely to lead to discussion. We pass over his remarks on Constitution and Government as being of less immediate interest to the outside public than some other topics, such as the Admission of Poor Men, on which he writes with rare sympathy and balanced judgment;

his pleas for the abolition of Compulsory Greek in Responsions; the granting of Academic Degrees to Women. Each of these subjects would require a long essay for its examination, and they form part only of a document that is tightly packed with matter. It is sufficient to say at the moment that Lord Curzon has successfully steered the middle course that lies between over-conservatism and destructiveness.

The project for making crofts or small holdings in London is being carried out with a considerable amount of success. It is estimated that within an omnibus ride of the City there are 10,000 acres of building land which might be cultivated till better times enable the owners to go on with the work. On the supposition that there would be less reluctance to lend this land to societies than to individuals, a combination has been formed and a sum of £500 subscribed to colonise these vacant spaces. Tools were sold to the unemployed at cost price, and in some cases given them; 300 families were placed at work last year, and high profits have already been attained. Many interesting circumstances have conduced to that end. The Gas Light and Coke Company were able to lend forty acres; the borough councils supplied road sweepings free to be used as manure; the London County Council has allowed plot-holders to utilise old tramcars as storehouses for seats and tools; and the Great Eastern Railway has given old railway carriages for the same purpose. Each plot-holder is allowed an eighth of an acre, and it is said that nearly all the men have turned out very good gardeners, so much so that the produce has realised from £50 to £60 per acre, and it seems fairly certain that this year the wastes of London will be dealt with on a still more extended scale.

THE CALL OF LOVE.

Far in the blue the skylark thrills
The earth with joy past knowing;
A thousand, thousand daffodils
Amidst the fields are blowing.
Across the hills—the far-off hills
The daystar leads the day,
Come forth, sweethearts, my spirit fills
The world with dreams of May.

And should ye hear the call that comes
From flower and field and river,
And answer it, no frost that numbs
Men's hearts shall touch ye ever.
That lark shall voice my truthfulness,
This dawn shall bring ye May,
These flowers the gift of youthfulness,
Children, when ye are grey.

Once for all men the skylark sings
As now for me she's singing,
The music of a thousand springs
Across the daystar flinging.
Come gloom, come night that wild sweet call
Caught to your hearts this day,
Shall bring ye light when shadows fall
And youth lies far away.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

No apology need be made for directing attention to the excellent recipe for cooking spinach which is contributed to our "Correspondence" columns this week by Madame Duclaux. It is a welcome sign that the most cultivated and fastidious taste in literature is not inconsistent with a lively and intelligent interest in the affairs of the kitchen. Her recipe will enable many to replace the uninteresting spinach of the ordinary dinner-table by a dish to tempt epicures. At this time the matter has a very practical bearing, when spring vegetables are just coming into use. It is a commonplace to say that the people of this country do not take proper advantage of the vegetables which are produced with consummate skill in horticulture. We imagine this is due in equal measure to two reasons. One is that our cooks are not so adept in the preparation of vegetables for the table as are those of France; and the other is connected with the gardening tradition that everything should be fully grown before it is brought to the table. Nearly all garden plants are more palatable just before they come to maturity. Salad plants in their infancy are at their best. The homely cabbage is delicious when young; so are the not less homely leek and onion. The gardener is often a tyrant who insists on his plants being fully grown before they are cut.

Cooking vegetables is emphatically one of those things they do better in France, and it is pleasant to obtain from a lady, who has been so long in France as almost to be more Parisian than the Parisians, an account of how they cook spinach in her

adopted country. Let us hope others will follow her example and tell us about their favourite vegetable. We are perfectly certain that the consumption of vegetables would become greater and much more varied if the methods of cooking used in Paris were more widely known in England. At the same time, those who have gardens may be safely advised to use their vegetables at a much earlier period than has been customary. In a moist climate such as ours, these can usually be grown in great abundance, and therefore it is poor economy to spare them till they are old and tough. One can excuse market gardeners for growing their produce to its full extent, because they are paid largely by bulk. If those who purchase vegetables insisted more on youth and tenderness, the market gardener would very speedily meet the wishes of his customers. But the very word "giant," used so frequently to describe plants, gives the key to an old and wrong ideal.

On another page will be found a brief account of the extraordinarily good sale of Shire horses belonging to the late Lord Egerton of Tatton. Had he been alive, there is nothing that would have gratified him more, giving evidence as it does of the very high appreciation which the breeding world evinces of the stud of Shire horses that had been so carefully and skilfully built up at Tatton. The event indeed ought to stimulate interest in our great cart-horses all over the world. It has occurred at a time when lamentation is continually heard about man's friend, the horse, being discarded for mechanical means of traction. It would appear, however, that there is still plenty of use for a good draught horse, or at least that is a fair inference, from the fact that one of the champions of the breed was sold at the unparalleled price of 3,700 guineas, and that the average for the whole of the animals sold was well over £400. At times it has appeared as though interest were waning in the Shire horses, but the sale at Tatton shows the exact contrary to be the case.

Sir William Chance has directed attention to the extraordinary delay which is taking place in the publication of the evidence taken by the Charity Commission. We have had two very important reports based on this evidence, and a great many writers have added to the schemes set forth in them others of their own, which are being opposed or supported in the Press in accordance mostly with the political opinions of those concerned; but all this theorising must be premature until the evidence on which it is based has been placed before the public. Even the members of the Commission are not infallible; indeed, they differed so vitally that they had to produce two reports—one by the majority and the other by the minority. A great deal of the evidence was taken fully three years ago, and it is not unreasonable to impress on the Government the absolute necessity of placing it before the public without any further delay. Otherwise hopeless confusion of opinion is bound to prevail.

When our next issue appears, the cricket season will have begun in good earnest, and for weeks past the reports in the newspapers have shown that the counties have been busily preparing for the campaign. The chief feature this year will, of course, be the visit of a team from Australia, an event which always stimulates our interest in the game; indeed, some assert that the Australian matches too greatly overshadow the games played for the championship of the counties. Be this as it may, it appears to be tolerably certain that the Australians have with them an extraordinarily good team of batsmen this year, and from their performances during the last season in Australia we may infer that they are likely to make some huge scores in this country. On the one hand, very much depends upon the season. If it is of a wet and broken nature, there is no cricketer in the world who can be absolutely sure of making great scores. On the other hand, should we have one of those dry and hard seasons that come very seldom, it will probably take the English cricketers all their time to divide honours with their Australian visitors.

A danger that threatens all who are engaged on new building operations—which is indeed a rather constant condition of landowners with a property of any considerable extent—is indicated by the account of three half-finished houses lately destroyed by fire started by a heavy shower falling on unslaked lime. It is, of course, a risk which is pretty obvious; but it is so contrary to the ordinary idea that a big fall of water, far from quenching a fire, should be actually its occasion, that it is not appreciated as it ought to be. The man who is a builder or mason by trade ought to be fully aware of the danger of leaving lime in its unslaked state near any inflammable materials, but the ordinary house-carpenter or gardener, turning his hand to a bit of building work on occasion, is very likely indeed not to realise it.

We have waited long for the spring, but it has come at last, and there is abundant evidence of it in the Royal Gardens, Kew. The very atmosphere seems saturated with the scent of the flowers; drifts of daffodils everywhere, and the sweetest of all are those in the woodland, where they have been planted much as we see them growing wild in the meadows and copses. This famous botanic garden should be studied not only by the botanist, but by all who are interested in the pictorial aspect of horticulture. The grouping of plants should convey many useful lessons, especially the mass of double pink-flowered peach, with its undergrowth of blue anemone. The Rhododendron Dell will soon be a cloud of colour, and shortly the bluebells will be in flower in the woodland surrounding the Queen's Cottage. Kew is beautiful at all seasons, but never more so than in the spring and early summer.

It would appear as if the air of Ireland, or at all events of the Zoological Gardens in Dublin, were remarkably salubrious for lions, for there is no previous record of such large additions to the lion population as were made in those gardens during the past year. In all, nine cubs were reared, of which the sexes were in the really rather undue proportions of eight females to one male. A very remarkable circumstance is that the mother of one family is forest-bred and nursed her young ones of the very first litter. It is said that this is an unprecedented case of natural care on the part of a lioness in captivity, and that it is generally not until the third litter that the nursing instincts of the mighty carnivorous beast are developed. It has been inferred by some who have made a study of the habits of the great carnivore that this is their way in the natural state also, and, unlikely though it seems, it would only be of a piece with other instances of Nature's prodigal waste.

ENDYMION.

I stand at night beneath the wintry sky,
To watch Orion chase the Pleiades;
While Sirius, blue-burning in the South,
Between the bare limbs of the naked trees,
Bays the bright moon, who, on her silvery throne,
Sails through the silence of the night alone.

For ever lonely must Diana be:
And, being lonely, is for ever sad,
Since that fair night, ten thousand years ago,
When on the hill she kissed the shepherd lad—
Poor mortal boy, whom, having stooped to woo,
She with her love has made immortal too.

Like young Endymion, moonstruck too am I—
I waste my life, in crying for the Moon—
Weary of living, yet I dare not die,
Lest I forego the barest chance too soon—
The chance that some day you and I may dwell
In Paradise together—who can tell?

X.

That railway companies have, in these times, to economise as far as they are able scarcely needs to be stated; but travellers by the Great Western Railway will wish that the frugality of that excellent line had taken a form other than that of repainting the carriages so as to make them almost as dingy as those of the North Eastern Railway. There is a comfort of the eye as well as of other parts of the body, and by preference one would rather travel in a carriage which has the appearance of comfort than in one in which it is lacking. We say this with no lack of sympathy for the railway companies at the present juncture. The Government in its solicitude for the safety of the King's subjects is continually demanding from them compliance with rules that directly or indirectly involve additional expense. Therefore it is that the directors of every line are at present turning over in their minds devices for cutting down expenses, and this particular one was probably regarded as the least harmful.

It is very evident that one of the greatest attractions that London will have this year will be the Sports Exhibition at Olympia. The arrangements are in progress now, and it would appear that the directors are going to employ every modern device to illustrate the manner in which big game are killed. Trophies are lent by such well-known sportsmen as Lord Lonsdale, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, Mr. Harry De Windt, Captain C. E. Radclyffe and Captain Frederick G. Jackson. Major-General C. E. Cumberland is collecting some 200 game trophies which he has secured in various parts of the world. One of the novelties will be the section devoted to aeroplanes, a regulation being that no machine is to be admitted unless it has made a successful flight. An interesting programme is being prepared, and we have no doubt that the show will bring a vast number of visitors to the metropolis.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE snowdrop was sacred to the Virgin. Formerly in the churches the image of Mary was removed from the altar once a year and snowdrops strewn in the place on which it stood. The primrose is inseparable from the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. In flower-lore it is the symbol of girlhood, and thus, among other artists, the brush of Botticelli has immortalised its pale bloom, while in Germany it is known as Schlüssel-blume, or the key-flower, since the fanciful believed that it owned the power of unlocking hidden treasure stores. In North Devon it was once charmingly called Butter-rosen. But perhaps the prettiest superstition concerning the primrose is the one which Mr. W. B. Yeats relates in his rhythmical folk-play, "The Land of Heart's Desire." Readers of his work will remember that a fairy child enters a peasant's house in order to lure away the soul of a young girl to the country o' elfin. Among the various mystic rites the fairy performs in the kitchen, she gathers primroses from the great bowl on the window-sill and strews them between herself and the ordinary mortals in the place, murmuring as she does this :

No-one whose heart is heavy with
human tears
Can cross these little cressets of the
wood.

For the Irish peasantry believe that if any human being tries to approach a fairy standing behind such enchanted primroses, it turns "the flowers to little twisted flames" that will "burn up the heart."

On his departure to Elba Napoleon told his adherents that he would return in the violet season, and so when he did come back he was welcomed by great bouquets of these dainty flowers, in this wise earning the title of "Corporal Violet" and making the little blossom the charming emblem of the Napoleons and the romantic period of their reign. The Athenians loved violet chaplets, and the blue kind is also symbolical of faithfulness. The unassuming daisy, that has nevertheless earned its meed of praise from Wordsworth and Kirke White, is dedicated to St. Margaret, and was later chosen as the crest of Margaret of Anjou with the motto "Humble et loiale," to be donned by her courtiers in her honour. The golden daffodils which Wordsworth loved were the flowers Proserpina was plucking in the fields of Enna when the rude god Pluto abducted her into the underworld. It was believed that fortunes could be divined by means of the daffodil, and thus Herrick wrote, half sadly, in the Cavalier days :

When a Daffodill I see
Hanging down 's head towards me,
Guess I may what I must be :
First I shall decline my head,
Secondly, I shall be dead ;
Lastly, safely buried.

The ancients celebrated a yearly festival in commemoration of Hyacinthus in Amyclae, which lasted for three days and whereat many slaves were liberated. Once more, Homer, in his glorious "Iliad," mentions that the hyacinth helped to make the bed of Jove. The anemone, or flower of the wind, so called because it is said to flourish best in windy places, traditionally, not unlike the hyacinth, first issued from the blood of Adonis when he

was slain by a boar, a legend Shakespeare alludes to in "Venus and Adonis." The anemone takes the winds of March, and as the rhyme declares, it is the

Coy anemone, that ne'er uncloses,
Her lips until they're blown on by the wind.

Concerning the majestic Crown Imperial, a lovely little legend has drifted down to us. It appears that when Christ was deserted by his followers and alone with his sorrows in the Garden of Gethsemane, the very flowers were touched by his woe and bent their heads in mute compassion. All did this with the exception of one—a queenly, orange-coloured Crown Imperial, that remained coldly erect and unmoved. But when Christ's agony was at its height and he had nearly expired beneath his woe and an angel came to aid him, even the Crown Imperial was touched, perhaps by the reproving eyes of the heavenly visitant. From that day it has remained with its head bowed upon its stem, and in the midst of its corolla still



E. Seymour.

JAPANESE IRIS.

Copyright.

are seen the teardrops which it shed in that, its hour of pity. To-day the mystic iris or sword-lily of Japan rears up its head in our gardens with the same unimpaired regality that caused the peoples of dead Egypt and Assyria to engrave it innumerable times upon their buildings, as in the grand Nubian temple of Aboo-Simbel or on the headdress of their sphinxes.



E. Seymour.

POET'S NARCISSI.

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In Egyptian myth the iris flowered by the river of life which Osiris guarded, and it is found on ancient cylinders, helmets of Sargon and winged genii; while its image ornaments the sceptres, seals or robes of Merovingian, Greek, Roman, German, Spanish and English kings, and the escutcheons of many noble European families of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is

also generally accepted that the famous *fleur-de-lys* in the arms of France originated in the purple iris, this being known as the *fleur delice*, or flower of delight, and selected by Louis VII. as his crest when he set out on the Crusades. A legend tells that hundreds of years ago there lived a certain knight who was very pious, but so ignorant and dull that he could never remember more than two words of the Latin prayer to the Virgin. These were "Ave Maria," and like unto Browning's *Theocrate*, he repeated them morning, noon and night in one continuous, heartfelt cry until he died and was interred in the grounds of the convent. To the astonishment of the monks, who had looked down upon him for his extraordinary stupidity during his lifetime, a wonderful white iris bloomed on his grave, which displayed the words of "Ave Maria" in golden letters. This rare expression of Our Lady's pleasure at the dead man's ceaseless prayer induced the monks to open his grave, when they were still more amazed to discover that the root of the plant lay upon the lips of the poor, devout knight whose body rested there.

The old herbalists weirdly termed the forget-me-not "Great Water-Scorpion Grass," from its love for the water-side; and it is also embodied in a legend of the mediæval German Ilsestein in the Harz district, whereof Heine chanted and which Goethe refers to in the Walpurgis Night scene in "Faust." Once upon a time a shepherd was driving his sheep over the Ilsestein, when he halted to rest upon his staff, which, unknown to him, contained the miraculous saxifrage or springwort, that possesses the magic quality of opening the mountains and rocks. Therefore, the stone at his feet immediately unclosed, and in the cleft he saw its fay, the Princess Ilse, who bade him fill his pockets with gold. Naturally, he was not long in complying, and was about to quit her with many expressions of gratitude, when she called out to him "Forget not the best," meaning his marvellous staff. He, however, thinking she alluded to the gold, left his staff leaning against the wall of the cliff, and was commencing to gather up more of the gleaming metal, when suddenly the mountain crashed together with a loud noise and rent him in twain. In some versions of the tale it was the forget-me-not blossoming near by which wistfully cried out its name to him, so that he should remember his staff and thus avoid destruction.

The delicious mignonette that will soon appear was frequently embossed on the armorial bearings of foreign noblemen, while the "ardent" marsh-marigolds of Keats, sacred to the Hindu idols in India and the Virgin Mary in Europe, "open their starry folds," and the lily of the valley expands its delicate fragrance on the air. Gerard calls it "the convall lily," from its liking for valleys, and another oddly picturesque name of the past for it is "Liriconfancie." It is indigenous in Italy and Lapland, but during the fifteenth century was already numbered among the wild plants of the heaths of Hampstead



THE PRIDE OF SUMMER.

and "Bushie." A flower closely allied to it is Solomon's seal, so termed for its accredited virtue in the healing, or rather sealing up, of wounds. A medical tome from the days of Good Queen Bess, with the sublime unconsciousness of true humour, informs us that the root of Solomon's seal, "while it is fresh and green, and applied, taketh away in one night or two at the most, any bruse, black or blew, spots gotten by fals or woman's wilfulness in stumbling on their hastic husband's fists." Pansy, flower of thought, with its endless titles of Heart's Ease, Lovers' Idleness, Herb Trinity, Three Faces Under a Hood, Jump-up-and-kiss-me and Pink o' my John, revels in the sunshine of its life.

Among the field blooms we meet with the lowly lady's-smock "all silver-white" with which Shakespeare crowned the poor, deceived King Lear. Lady's-smocks are sometimes called "cuckoo flowers," because they arrive first "when the cuckoo doth begin to sing her pleasant notes without stammering." A very interesting weed which appears in April and flowers

in May is Britannica, or the black water-dock, whereof Salmon, an old herbalist, gives the following account: "This plant has layen in the Dark for many Ages, ever since the Times of the Ancient Romans to whom it was well known and by whom it was much used, as Ayicien, Dioscorides, Pliny, Galen, Ægineta, Ætius, Orabasius and others testifie . . . it was famous for its cures, which it performed in the Roman Armies for Ailments that in Britanny and the Low Countries they laboured under . . . for which reason Claudius Caesar carried it away to Rome, ordering it to be spread upon the pageants of his triumph and to be hung up in the Capitol. And Nero himself took care of it afterward for its culture, by causing it to be nurst up in the Gardens of Rome. But it seems when the Goths and other Barbarous Nations overrun the Roman Empire, and the greatest part of Christendom, destroying and rooting up everything they came near, that this Plant was buried or lost in that Universal Destruction of almost all things."

REGINA M. BLOCH.

SPRING ON THE FARM.

PERHAPS it may be prudent to warn those readers who are skilled in the art of husbandry that the notes which follow tell of the impressions made on a mind more familiar with the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall than the groves of Arcady. The wooing of April, however, comes home even to the soberest citizen, and no doubt there are many who have devoted, as I did, a Saturday afternoon to exploring on a bicycle some of the pleasant country which forms an outer belt to London. A wayside station some thirty miles from the Bank of England formed

the starting point. The direction was fixed by an ingenious plan which may commend itself to those placed in similar circumstances when they are unable to fix on an objective.

This was to consult the wind and to follow the road along which one could go most comfortably with one's back to it, taking the first turning which led away from the highway—a precaution highly necessary with a strong breeze blowing and many motorists abroad. The lane was not so smooth as the highway, but it was at any rate quiet, and if there were hills to be climbed, there were others to slide down with a minimum of



"LAMBS FRISK AND PLAY."

exertion. The occasional walk yielded a pleasure in itself. The narrow lane in the grass for a mile or two led to a park wall, not so high but that one could see over it millions of daffodils that were growing wild on the broad acres which stretched away from the front of a fine Queen Anne mansion. A landscape gardener may have planted them last generation. Obviously they had been in the ground for many seasons, because they had diminished in size and assumed the appearance of genuine wild flowers; but

dancing in the sunny breeze they were most lovely, especially when closely approached. At a distance the effect produced was exactly the same as if the field had been overgrown with buttercups. I suppose there are daffodils that are really wild; but these had been so carefully planted within view of the house windows that the effect of wildness was partly lost. Stopping to look at them, one saw that a margin of primroses in full bloom grew where the wall merged into the hedge, and at the foot of the wall, like humble wayfarers expelled from the park, were myriads of exquisite blue violets, the masses of which were dotted here and there with white where daisies and wild strawberries were breaking into flower. The Queen Anne house, the broad park with its massive timber and daffodil-planted grass, were too civilised for my purpose, and so from that lane I wheeled away into one that was still narrower, and so rough that walking soon became necessary. What was a road at starting developed into one of those wide grassy rides the origin



PROFITABLE PEOPLE.

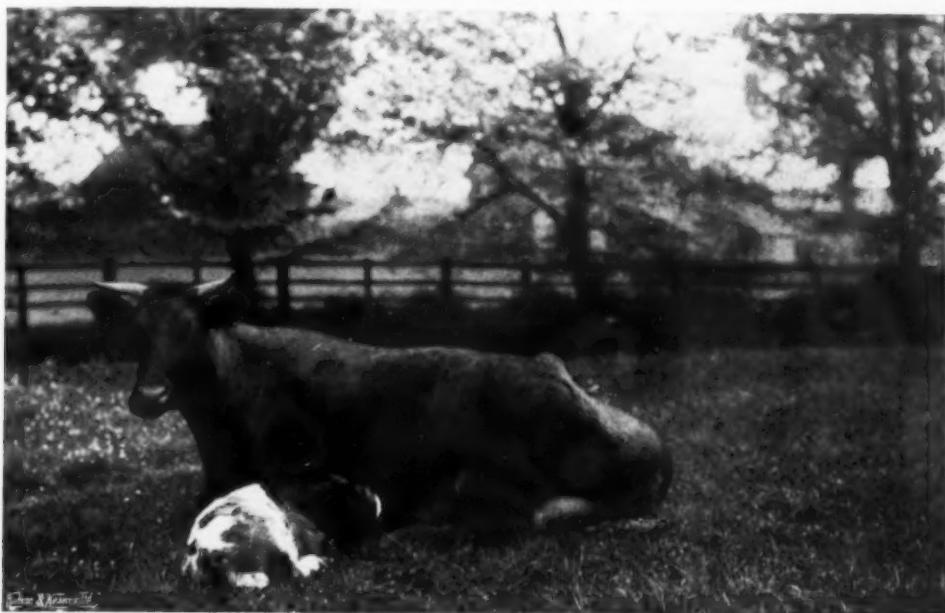
of which is only to be guessed at. This was the breadth of a road of those generous proportions which our forefathers allotted to roads. You may see them here and there yet, with the white trodden highway in the middle, and a broad margin of grass on either side, where the thrifty cottager may, it is presumed, graze his cattle or rear his poultry. But this road—if road it ever was—had been so long disused that the vivid green grass of April was coming up all over it except on a track in the middle

that could scarcely be dignified by the name of footpath. Holly trees that might have been self-sown two or three centuries ago grew up at irregular distances, and, from the witherings of the climbing weeds that hung about them like frayed and worn garments, must each have been like a hedgehog when June and July caused the bramble, the honeysuckle and the wild convolvulus to shoot forth their own tendrils in the profusion of summer. Great untended hawthorn hedges formed the fences of this road, though what they were intended to keep in or to keep out it is difficult to say. Great was my surprise when after walking along this wild and neglected piece of Arcady for a mile or two I came upon a hamlet very much in keeping with it. Once upon a time there would appear to have been at least two farmhouses upon it and the usual row of labourers' cottages. The latter were still standing, or, rather, what was left of them. They were empty, and uninhabitable, the windows broken and the roofs tumbling in—even



IN THE FLOWERY GRASS.

bits of the wall toppling. There were two houses of a better class, but these too were forlorn and deserted. I think there is something pathetic in the sight of a house which has obviously seen better days and has now fallen into ruin and neglect. This was the case with one. Behind it was a cherry orchard just breaking into full bloom, and where the garden used to be there were plum trees in blossom and apple trees to which the blossom



CONTENT.

was just arriving, and great overgrown gooseberry and other bushes growing out of untilled ground that, even as early in the spring as this, was suggestive of a wilderness of ruin and neglect. The few tumble-down buildings and sheds told plainly that the house belonged to a type of holding which went out in the early part of last century. At one time I was very fond of seeking out such places for reasons of a more or less sentimental character, and could go to at least a hundred at the present moment, where the only signs of the place having once been inhabited are the snowdrops that still come up at the hedge roots, a clump of lilies here and there and perchance a bit of ruined wall. It is not for an outsider to foretell the effect of the new Act, but I think anyone who has taken an interest in the England of 150 years ago—the England that was dotted all over with small holdings—will be very sceptical about success being achieved to-day. There were some chickens in the orchard, and a grunting and shuffling going on in the neighbourhood led to the discovery of a litter of pigs, so that I came to the conclusion that though the houses were empty, the land was by no means derelict, and after some little trouble a house was at last discovered where evidently someone slept at least. But anything more neglected is inconceivable. Like the other, it was situated far back from the main track along which I had come, and was completely hidden by orchard trees. At one time it must have been a perfect nest of a place. An old vine still crept feebly round the little windows, and jessamine that had never known a pruning-knife hung back from the wall to which it should have been nailed. These were round a front door that did not look as if it had been opened for years, as mosses and lichens had grown over the step, and by one of the freaks of Nature a violet had planted itself in a chink between the door and the wall and had now four or five blooms. The door could not have been opened without destroying it. In front of this entrance there was a wild patch

which at one time must have been very prettily kept, since remains of the lawn were still visible, and here and there a wall-flower or a Lent lily showed where the flower plots had been. Seeing that the front was unused, I made my way round to the back, as the place aroused a curiosity difficult to satisfy; but knocking produced no result except what one could find in the barking of a great mongrel dog chained to a barrel close to the

back entrance. A peep through the window of one of the rooms showed such an array of cooking utensils, pots, pans and empty tins as was convincing proof that no woman's hand had ever been there, and this turned out to be a just inference. My eye caught sight of two figures engaged in setting potatoes in a field perhaps a hundred and fifty yards away. They evidently had never looked up at the sight of a visitor, but with bent backs pursued

their labour. When I went over to see them, they did not prove in the slightest degree communicative. One was an old man who could not be far from the Psalmist's limit of three-score and ten, and the other his grandson. The offer to buy some milk produced the information that they had no woman-kind about the place at all, and it was not worth their while to go back to the house for the purpose of selling a pennyworth of milk, though the boy finally consented to do so when the prospect of selling some eggs also was dangled before him. When alone he proved to be more talkative than his grandfather, and from him I learned that the holding was a small one of forty acres, and had belonged to them for two or three generations. The condition of the place was certainly no tribute to the prosperity of that class of person, and, truth to tell, it had little attraction. It served as a striking contrast to the next farm, which I got into by simply crossing a fence. The latter proved to be a 300-acre farm, rented by a keen and intelligent tenant who looked a little askance when he saw a visitor calmly approaching across a

field of young wheat, but who, nevertheless, proved to be perfectly courteous when the situation was explained to him. Here there was no picturesque untidiness. There was scarcely a weed even at the hedge roots; the spring crops were put in in the neatest manner imaginable; the farmhouse was, it is true, old; but it had been mended and improved till it looked like a villa at Clapham. The farmer appeared to have got through most of his sowing, and as he was going about among his stock himself, he did not at all mind my going with him. His conversation might have been instructive to anybody who was interested in husbandry, but it was certainly not very poetical. Young lambs gambolling in the meadows led him to no deeper reflection than that "ship," as he called them, were a bad market at the moment, and wool no better. His calves—and prettier creatures no one could wish to see—led to a disquisition on the iniquity of certain middlemen whom he represented as robbing



TWIN FOALS.

the honest farmer of the profit which should come to him naturally from the sale of milk, and his foals only led to a diatribe against the use of "stinking and dangerous motors." To listen to him one would have thought that bankruptcy or the parish was waiting him round the corner, and yet I would venture to take a wager that his balance at the bank was not one to be altogether despised.

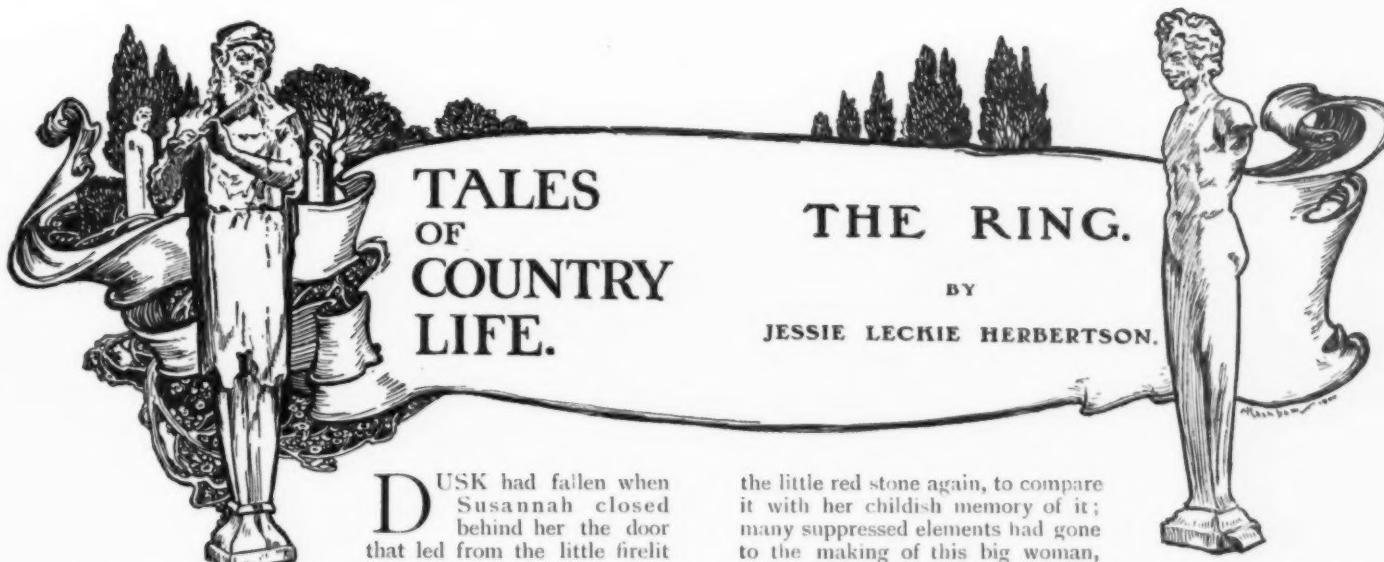
JOSIAH MARKER.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SAFE IN A BACKWATER.

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DUSK had fallen when Susannah closed behind her the door that led from the little firelit living-room to the chamber overhead. She carried in one hand a small brown cedar-wood box, and with the other she reached up and securely fastened the latch. As she did so she sighed sharply, and, glancing round her, found a seat and dropped into it with an air at once rebellious and resigned.

For some moments the room was very still, save for a soft murmur to which the steady tick of the grandfather's clock by the door, the occasional fall of a cinder upon the polished hearth and the agitation of Susannah's quick breaths each contributed its share.

Susannah's eyes were closed, but she did not sleep. Her thoughts were busy; in rapid succession the events of her life were passed in review. Of these events, perhaps the first in importance was her engagement to Joel Tonkin, the second the sudden dissipation of their dream of an early marriage by the coming into her life of Mary Ann Penhaligon.

Mary Ann Penhaligon was her grandfather's sister and her sole relative. When Mary Ann, paralysed, useless, surreptitiously made appeal to the parish, Susannah came forward and took command of the situation. "You be coming to I," said she, and that was all.

Susannah had not a pleasing manner, but beneath an unprepossessing exterior she concealed a sterling worth. None knew this better than did Joel Tonkin. When Susannah refused to marry him, and announced her intention of supporting the stricken woman for the few remaining years she had to live, he accepted her decision; for the lovers had already agreed before Mary Ann's advent that his old mother must make her home with them. "Usain't got room for two," said Susannah, in her sensible fashion; but inwardly she suffered, for already she had passed her first youth.

For five years she toiled early and late in a pathetic effort to make both ends meet, even overlap. Week by week, month by month, year by year, she was upheld by a sanguine conviction that the day must come when she should be in a position to lay a little by against a rainy day.

Five years since Mary Ann had come to Susannah, and to-day, an hour since, she had died. Susannah, unaided, had carried out the last rites in the little chamber overhead, finally, all accomplished, coming away with the old cedar-wood box—Mary Ann's gift to her at the end—in her worn hands.

That cedar-wood box had been very dear to Mary Ann, a treasure jealously guarded, its opening witnessed by no eye but her own. Once, as a child, on a day's visit to great-aunt Mary Ann, Susannah had been permitted a passing glimpse into the interior, vouchsafed the inexpressible delight of thrusting upon her chubby fingers in turn the ring which, among odds and ends of ribbon and lace, it contained, then suddenly sent away.

The ring had had a fiery red stone in it, and, as Susannah, in glee, had twisted it this way and that, it had flashed a hundred beautiful lights on her. "Same as if en had been alive," said Susannah, now.

To-day, after the doctor had paid his visit and gone, murmuring he could do no more, the end was near, Mary Ann had feebly called Susannah to her bedside and given the cedar-wood box into her hands. "You may be likin' to have the ring, Susannah," she had said with difficulty. "I see as Joel ain't never given you one. 'Twere give to I by the lad as loved I. Us found en bedded fast in the sand down to Penterrick Cove the day us quarrelled and parted. That same night him signed aboard the Adelaide to Plymouth Harbour and were lost with en six week arter. . . . I ain't never wore the ring but that one arternoon. . . ."

The ring lay now in the cedar-wood box in Susannah's lap. Presently she would lift the lid, for she had often longed to see

THE RING.

BY
JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.

the little red stone again, to compare it with her childish memory of it; many suppressed elements had gone to the making of this big woman, a simple love of the beautiful was one of them. She longed to open the cedar-wood box as a child longs to handle a toy, but instead she set her mind to the problem of Mary Ann's burying. Mary Ann must not be buried by the parish.

Susannah asked herself was there anything she could sell; and, her eyes roaming round the room in the shadowy dusk, and finding the full white face of the old clock, she started and cried "No," under her breath.

The old clock was valuable; a passing stranger had once offered her three pounds for it! It was valuable in another fashion: it was Susannah's oldest friend, had ticked in the hour of her birth, would, she had hoped, tick out that of her death.

She was reminded at the sight of it that her time was not her own. She had promised Miss Trevarthick, up to Polbrook House, that she would wait at table to-night at her dinner-party. The Trevarthicks had been great in Polwhinnick in their day; the last of them, Miss Estelle, was poor in all but years and pride. None the less, she continued to maintain the family position in the county by an occasional solemn dinner. Susannah, as far back as she could remember, had assisted at these periodic functions, first in the kitchen, later in the dining-room itself. They were bright spots in her life.

If Miss Trevarthick liked to tease her about her deferred wedding day, why, then, she did not mind. "Plenty of time, Susannah," she would say, in her soft old voice, "you're young yet." To her Susannah, the tall angular woman with the face of one who had suffered, was still but a girl.

And Susannah's grave eyes, under that kind smile and friendly pat on the shoulder, would for a moment recapture the spirit of a lost youth. That spirit crept into them now as, reaching up, she took a spill from the blue pig on the mantelshelf and held it to the embers and lit her lamp. She set the little cedar-wood box on the table beside her. Timidly, as might a child—though a woman—she brought the key from her pocket and set it in the lock and turned it twice, as Mary Ann had directed. She pushed back the lid and stared in on a tangle of faded ribbons, of yellowed lace and a dead nosegay. She put forward a tentative forefinger and turned them over; a little blaze of living light, like a glow-worm in the darkness, struck her eyes. Susannah, hesitant, enraptured, drew away her hand and gazed at that point of light. She lifted the lamp and held it high, moving it; the heart of the ruby changed in hue a dozen times.

She set the lamp down and sought the little band of gold with fingers that trembled. She slipped the ring on to the third finger of her left hand and stared down on it with knitted brows. For the first time in the past five years she realised she was, indeed, to wed with Joel. The ring was so beautiful she could not regret he had never been able to give her one.

She leaned back in her seat and closed her eyes. She recalled again that the grandfather's clock would fetch three pounds. She felt that, with the ring on her finger—a sign as it were of her near marriage with Joel—she could part with more than the old clock. She decided that she would go into Tregan on the morrow and arrange with a dealer to come out and see it. "Him wouldn't give I three pounds," she murmured, "but, belike, two. . . ."

She climbed the hill-path to Polbrook House in a kind of exaltation, with the determination to part with the old clock for Mary Ann's sake: the past five years of sacrifice reached their consummation. Peace descended upon her.

Miss Trevarthick came into the china-closet to speak a few words with her, to enquire after Mary Ann as was her custom.

Susannah said, in her passionless voice, not desisting from the polishing of a trayful of glasses, "Mary Ann be gone, Miss Estelle."

Miss Trevarthick's answered: "But, Susannah, how sudden!"

"Indeed no, Miss," said Susannah. "Her were ailing for a fortnight nor more. Yesterday her took a turn for the worse, to-day her do be gone." She fixed her eyes on vacancy; none should know how she grieved the dead woman. "Her be better dead."

Miss Trevarthick said, "My poor Susannah."

Susannah's exaltation was like an armour making her invulnerable to assault. She turned suddenly and met Miss Trevarthick's eyes; she had remembered how once, long since, the mistress of Polbrook House had envied her, Susannah Penhaligon, and that because of the old grandfather's clock in her living-room. In a rush of impetuous words, the more extraordinary in that Susannah had never before shown impetuosity, she told Miss Trevarthick of her determination to sell the old clock. "It do lumber up the place so," said she.

Miss Trevarthick answered, "But I thought you treasured it, Susannah."

Susannah repeated, "It do lumber up the place."

Miss Trevarthick went out of the china-closet turning Susannah's strange eagerness and passion over in her mind.

She thought, "I should like to have the clock, but I cannot afford to buy it; and, besides, I could not take it from Susannah." Not until she had regained the drawing-room and taken up a position in a stuff-backed chair before the fire, there to await the coming of her guests, did the key to the riddle suggest itself to her. Sighing, she knew now that she must purchase the clock from Susannah.

Susannah's ring was remarked upon in the kitchen. Cook and the new housemaid tried it on. Cook shuddered when she returned it to its new owner. "I ain't liking en," said she. "Tis a pixie ring I do misdoubt me, and do bring bad luck to them as wears en."

Susannah combated the assertion as she pushed the ring back into place. Cook pointed back to Mary Ann Penhaligon's story. "Didn't her quarrel with her lad straightaway arter putting on en?" said she.

Susannah, in sudden superstition, thinking of Joel, sought to force the ring from her finger: it was swollen with the hot water in which her hands had been immersed; she had pushed it on again with great difficulty, and it now refused to be dislodged. She said, "I ain't wanting no harm to come to my Joel."

The drawing-room bell rang and cook was sent for by her mistress. Standing in the doorway, having laid to rest Miss Trevarthick's doubts upon a knotty culinary point, she permitted herself a reference to the death of Mary Ann and her bequest to Susannah.

"Most extraordinary!" said her mistress. "Red, you say, cook, and full of strange lights."

"A proper pixie ring," said cook.

Miss Trevarthick told the story to her guests later, before dinner.

"Strange," said Edward Hareton. "It sounds like a ruby, and, possibly, a valuable one. Who here ever heard of a ruby ring lost in Penterrick Cove?"

But none had, they were one and all behind the time of Mary Ann Penhaligon.

Susannah's left hand was the object of many curious glances at dinner. When she realised it was so she seized an opportunity to turn the pixie ring so that the red stone was hidden within her palm. She wished she had never worn it, she began to be a little afraid of it.

Edward Hareton said, when the table was cleared for dessert and the maids had gone, "That is a valuable ruby; I should like to see it closer. It's worth at least fifty or sixty pounds, possibly more."

Miss Trevarthick answered, "Surely not! What a strange thing. . . . Poor Susannah." Suddenly, as it were, she realised Susannah's lost youth, the beauty and the tragedy of her sacrifice. . . . She began to tell the story of the two women, Susannah's asseveratio that the old grandfather's clock lumbered up the place. "She would want the money for the funeral of Mary Ann," said she to Hareton, "and her pride would not allow her to own it. . . . You must see the ring before you go to-night. . . . We must tell

her. . . . I am glad this has not come too late to Susannah."

She went down to the kitchen, when her guests were gone, to see Susannah once again. She found her, her cloak wrapped about her, the ends of the shawl upon her head held fast on her breast with her worn left hand. The ring still gleamed upon it, but now the gem was turned outermost. Her grave eyes remarked the object of Miss Trevarthick's regard, she hesitated a moment, then she said in her slow voice: "I'd liked to keep en because of Mary Ann, Miss Estelle, her treasured en crool; but it ain't ordained. It do be a pixie ring and do bring bad luck to them as wears en. I'll be glad for Mr. Hareton to sell en for I, if so be as him'l be so kind." Then she looked straight into the other's eyes and added, all her defences down, "But I weren't grudging Mary Ann the grandad's clock, Miss Estelle . . . nor aught as ever did belong to I. . . ." She opened the door, and without further speech, since further speech was unnecessary, stepped out calmly into the night.

OF GARDEN ORNAMENT.

GARDEN ornaments fall more or less readily into two categories—those that are seen against green backgrounds and compose with clipped hedges, ordered paths and green distances as at Vaux-le-Vicomte, and others that adorn the enchanting middle-world between garden craft and architecture by decorating terrace balustrades, gate-piers and garden-houses, as at Château Valençay. It does not seem so important that garden ornaments should be great works of art in their own right as that they be reasonably used, and in the right type of garden. They are not only superfluous but irritating in gardens that are not conceived on formal lines. In so fine a garden as that of Melbourne, Derbyshire, every figure and vase has significance in relation to the general plan. The great "Four Seasons" vase at the "Crow's Foot," the intersection of several long avenues, gives a cohesion to the scheme



AT VAUX LE VICOMTE.



ASTROLABE AT SANDFORD ORCAS.

that would otherwise be lacking. When the fine fashion set by Le Nôtre and his English followers, Rose, Loudon and Wise, waned and Kent began to "chasten and polish" the landscape, the habit of using garden ornaments did not cease, but their use became increasingly meaningless. At Rousham it may be that Kent, in Walpole's phrase, "realised the compositions of the greatest masters in painting," but it was at the price of divorcing the house from the gardens. The statues stand about in desultory fashion, green and dripping, under romantic and casual trees; but there are no ordered lines of paths or hedges with which they may group successfully. The justification of ornaments lies in their gift of scale and cohesion to a garden rather than in their own merits as sculpture. The poet, Shenstone, in some "Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening," published in the "Annual Register" of 1764, wrote some excellent good sense: "I wonder that lead statues are not more in vogue in our modern gardens. Though they may not express the finer lines of an human body, yet they seem perfectly well calculated, on account of their duration, to embellish landskips were they some degrees inferior to what we generally behold. . . . A statue in a garden is to be considered as one part of a scene or landskip; the minuter touches are no more essential to it than a good landskip painter would esteem them were he to represent a statue in his picture." Shenstone's views are the more to be heeded, since his own garden at Leasowes, Shropshire, was deservedly famous. A garden statue should not be a strong and convincing piece of sculpture. One would feel abashed at coming upon Michael Angelo's Duke Lorenzo in a shady walk, for its enjoyment demands a mood foreign to the garden atmosphere.

Among the great sculptors who make less demands on the spectator's mood, Giovanni di Bologna has always been beloved of the garden architect. His "Flying Mercury" is graceful, his "Rape of the Sabines" imposing and finely grouped. The Renaissance had taught him to follow the beauty of classical sculpture, but withheld the power to appeal to large emotions or to arrest thought. In choice of subject for a statue the light touch is the

happy one. In a fountain one would rather see a river nymph than a majestic figure of Neptune, and to head a lilac avenue a pair of quarrelling Cupids rather than a Caesar. For the nude, unless it be the chubby boys who sport and follow archery at Wilton and elsewhere, the English climate seems hardly suitable. Venus de Medici is a chilly goddess in our Northern gardens, however appropriate against dark backgrounds by an Italian villa. Water, however, makes the nude reasonable, and mermaids and nymphs are pleasant conceits for a great fountain in a great garden. Altogether admirable is the group illustrated from Vaux-le-Vicomte, which is very like the groups on the Flower-pot Gate at Hampton Court.

The disposition of ornaments is of great importance in making for success in a formal garden. There are some great gardens that give the sense of being overdone, where the profusion of vases is wearisome. In other gardens the scale of the ornaments is too large, and the garden itself is dwarfed by the disproportion. It is, for example, only in such a big scheme as that of Longford Castle, Wiltshire, that so beautiful a thing as the Temple of Flora can look appropriate. Exquisite in itself as a masterpiece of garden architecture, it would have been quite unfit for the smaller scheme of the Italian Garden at Wilton.

In the spacious forest gardens of Studley Royal the temple by the ornamental water is right in scale, though, by itself, a considerable building; and the same is true of the pavilion at Wrest Park, the "miniature Versailles." At Melbourne the garden pavilion is no solemn building of columns and pediment, but, as befits the smaller area of the gardens, a delightfully graceful "birdcage" house with a dome of open wrought ironwork. In the small formal garden of to-day the lovers of ornaments will do well to show an economy of joy. The photograph of Sandford Orcas shows how great the effect of a single slight and, in itself, unimposing ornament. A sundial has perennial interest (it is just as well, however, to set the gnomon accurately), and can be simple enough and unobtrusive enough for the smallest garden that is open to the sun.

The vase with a closed top should be kept for gardens of some pretension, but the ornamented open flower-pot, if not too large, is always successful if its design be reasonable. (Reasonableness is a fair proviso, seeing that New Art is not yet forgotten or quite secure in its resting grave.) A life-size figure needs a large garden for its home; but a little Cupid judiciously placed will bring a pleasant air of gaiety into a small one which is laid out on formal lines, and yet escape the charge of being pretentious. There are many gardens which, after the devastating hands of Capability Brown and Humphrey Repton had swept away their old glories and substituted the foolish make believe of un-authentic Nature, are now being restored to their ancient condition. In all such it may be hoped that figures and vases in the gracious classical manner will be replaced. There are many able artists who are giving attention to the modelling of new work for new gardens, and work of considerable power and beauty; but for old gardens it is safest to revert to the old models.

The buying of "antique" ornaments is a desperate venture to-day, for the forger is abroad and vigorous in evildoing. Absurd prices are asked and obtained for lead figures which have an air of age secured by sham patina which can be



ON THE UPPER TERRACE AT VALENÇAY.

created by chemicals in a week. If a classical figure, such as the early eighteenth century delighted in, is wanted to fill an empty niche in a clipped hedge, it is far safer to get some respectable plumber to take a copy from an example of recognised authenticity. For new gardens there should be no lack of modern subjects; for the pleasure of an imperially-minded baronet, what more suitable than slight figures emblematic of the Colonies, a fit variant of the old practice of representing the Four Seasons. To the wealthy actor-manager a leaden Puck would still bring pleasant thoughts. Figures of animals are attractive if formally used. In connection with fountains, dolphins and hippocampi, even the harmless toad will do spouting duty decoratively, while a Neptune's horse, such as the one so well modelled by Lady Chance, will revive the classical spirit which is the inspiring motive of the old gardens.

The note for garden ornaments should be simplicity of design. Shewstone was sound as to this. "Urns are more solemn if large and plain; more beautiful if less ornamented. Solemnity is perhaps their point, and the situation of them should still co-operate with it." It may be doubted whether the twentieth century will take so heartily to the poet's claim for solemn urns as did the eighteenth; but it will be wise to remember that garden ornaments generally are "more beautiful if less ornamented." Vases are genuinely solemn sometimes, and form a kind of tragic trappings to an old garden, as at The Villa, Chiswick, where one comes on a charming vase in a shady walk near the big pool that is solemn in a quite convincing fashion. Perhaps the ideal partner for simplicity in garden ornaments is elegance. Elegant is a word that has had



FOUNTAIN MADE FOR DIANE DE POITIERS AT ANET.

its misadventures and has not recovered from them, but it seems to match the fountain at Château Anet now illustrated. Made as it was for Diane de Poitiers, who retired to her castle in 1559 on the death of Henry II. of France, its chalice like shape against the background of wooded paths embodies in that great lady's garden an opulent refinement which is reminiscent of courtly manners and an intelligent, if hardly sedate, affection for the arts of life.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

BIRDS OF THE HAMPSHIRE MEADOWS.

THREE is magic in the very words "the Hampshire Meadows." What birds in all the world are more worthy of notice than those whose ancestors were observed by Izaak Walton and Gilbert White? "The honest robin," said Walton, "loves mankind both alive

and dead." The robins of Winchester doubtless watched Piscator while he fished in the Itchen's clear waters, and it may have been their fearless and engaging ways that made him speak of the redbreast's love for man. The busy jackdaws who call and chatter about the gardens of the Close—

foraging for supplies to carry home to their headquarters in the Cathedral tower—cannot fail to be more interesting by reason of the fact that they are the lineal descendants of the thieves that White saw stealing his friend Mulso's grapes. "Swallows and bats and wagtails, which are called half-year birds," still hawk for flies along the river banks; but we do not now share the old angler's belief that they "have been found, many thousands at a time, in hollow trees, or clay caves, where they have been observed to live and sleep out the whole winter without meat"; although a hundred years after Walton's book was written Dr. Johnson stated with all the authority that his emphatic utterances carried: "Swallows certainly sleep all the winter. A number of them conglobulate together by flying round and round, and then all in a heap throw themselves under the water and lie on the bed of a river."

Throughout the year a great variety of birds haunt the green valleys shut in among the swelling, high chalk downs. In the early summer mornings, while a grey haze yet hangs above the stagnant pools and the grass is silver with dew, snipe chase each other backwards and forwards over the deserted roads and



J. Atkinson.

AN EMBLEM OF HOPE.

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footpaths; and on hot, still nights the mysterious "half-human whistle" of the stone-curlew may be heard, now far off and now near, as the "great plover," having come down from his hill fortress to drink, circles in the air. But at no time are the meadows more attractive to the bird-lover than in mid-winter. The withered sedges are never empty nor the reedy pastures desolate, and even during a hard frost there is seldom perfect silence.

When the ditches are encrusted with ice, and on high-lying fields the earth is as iron, shelving banks of mud are often left unfrozen on either side of the river-bed. To these mud-banks come hungry thrushes and blackbirds, quarrelsome starlings with prodding beaks and a great number of wrens. Notwithstanding cold and threatened famine, one of the tiny birds will every now and then burst into a spurt of song. The gloomier the "hard, grey weather," the more continuously do the meadow-pipits utter their sharp, plaintive note as they flit from one grassy hillock to another, moving their tails quickly, wagtail-fashion, when they alight. A low temperature and eddying snowstorms send flocks of pretty crested lapwings down from the furrowed ploughland to search for food by the rushy springs. All day long they call "pee-wit, pee-wit," and even in the darkness they stir among the rough mounds and coarse, dry bents, and at intervals wail restlessly. Common and black-headed gulls assemble in hundreds wherever they can discover heaps of river drift or any floating refuse. During the winter these two gulls are only distinguishable the one from the other by the colour of their webbed feet and beaks. It would not be easy to find a more attractive sight than the descent of a party of the black-heads upon a river. One after another they drop down, their coral legs stretched out to meet the rippling stream below them and their wings raised high above their heads, and then, without a splash or a sound, each bird glides off, floating as lightly as a feather on the surface of the water. While the seagulls are flying—turning, rising and falling—they constantly scream and exclaim, and *Larus ridibundus* from time to time gives vent to the laughing cry which has earned for him his specific name.

In December the bold storm-cock begins his wild, disconnected song. A few days of bitter cold silence him and drive him to the hawthorn bushes and holly trees to satisfy his hunger with any berries that his cousins the "frosty feldefares" may have left behind. But as soon as a moist, wet wind whistles in the elm trees, he is back again on the topmost branches shouting defiance to the elements. On the close-cropped pastures near the river this thrush's burly form is conspicuous among throstles and redwings, when all alike are searching for worms and other living creatures among the damp grass; and if anything startles the little band of "ouzels," his loud watchman's rattle is instantly

sounded as he flies off to a place of safety. The redwing, as we know him, is the most silent of all the Turdidae. While in his winter quarters he only utters the sharp, single note which is curiously like and yet unlike the call of the song-thrush. Richard Jefferies tells us, in his "Wild Life in a Southern County," that he once heard a "redwing singing with all his might"; his voice was "sweet and very loud, far louder than the old familiar notes of the thrush. The note rang out clear and high, and somehow sounded strangely unfamiliar among English meadows and English oaks." This beautiful little thrush generally reserves his song for the high latitudes where he breeds. One of the greatest pleasures which winter brings to the Hampshire naturalist is the reappearance of the redwing in the Itchen Valley. He is far more plentiful in some seasons than in others. During the month of January, 1907, when intense cold prevailed on the Continent of Europe, and many redwings were seen in St. James's Park and in the grounds of the Pavilion at Brighton, these birds were to be found day after day in the suburban gardens round Winchester, and they condescended to drink from the pans of water which were set for the semi-domesticated feathered pensioners.

Lapwings are not the only denizens of the moorland who seek by sheltered stream and pond a refuge from the inclement weather. Patches of prickly, hot-scented furze on an open common are the favourite summer haunt of the stonechat; but there are times when even a stonechat finds his breezy home too bleak and bare. Furze and thorn are then forsaken for beds of dead reed-mace near the unfrozen mill-pond, or for gaunt skeletons of last year's flowering meadow-plants, and the black and white and red of the little solitary bird make a cheering spot of colour when he sits perched on the summit of a tall stalk of

seeded dock or on the point of a ragged bulrush. Much of the herbage which grows in ditches and water-logged fields is bleached by sun and frost and tanned by showers and autumn gales, and the cold reflections of sky and cloud gleam pale and lifeless in the river. The eye rests with a sense of pleasure and relief on the gaily-tinted visitor from the heathy uplands.

Although swallows and swifts, slender, sylph-like willow-wrens and merry white-throats take their journey into a far country long before the leaves have fallen from the trees, all the charm of graceful motion and buoyant flight is not withdrawn from the hedgerows and meadows when the days are short and the nights frosty. Kestrels hover, swaying in the wind high above the

turfy sheep-walks and fertile valleys, turquoise blue kingfishers flash along quiet waterways and little troops of long-tailed tits pass from bough to bough with pretty, undulating movements and an accompaniment of querulous, tinkling notes. It fell to the lot of the present writer on a bright, chilly afternoon to watch a pied wagtail and a black-headed-bunting hawking gnats over a wide stretch of the river Test. A wagtail fly-catching in the sunlight is always a delightful sight; but it was



J. Atkinson. Copyright. THE TINIEST INHABITANT.



J. Atkinson. Copyright. A YOUNG SNIPE.

somewhat surprising to find that the quakerish bunting, called by the country-folk a reed-sparrow, could present so beautiful an appearance. The two birds, skimming low over the water, crossing and re-crossing in mid-air, diving down from a height or alighting for a moment on the over-hanging branches of a tree, looked one as graceful as the other. The finely-pencilled brown plumage, snow-white collar and black velvet head of the reed-bunting were seen at their best as he twsted and turned in his pursuit of invisible insects and steered his passage with his fan-like tail alternately spread and furled. But perhaps the loveliest frequenter of the wintry meadows is the grey wagtail. When clothed in his nuptial dress—in which he is not often seen in Hampshire—this wagtail wears a black satin gorget; after the summer moult the whole of his under-surface is a varied and delicately-shaded yellow. The throat and neck are a dim yellow tinged with buff; this fades to palest lemon on the flanks and brightens and intensifies on the centre of the breast and under the tail to the most brilliant canary colour. The clear, uniform grey of the bird's back blends perfectly with the pure yellow of his lower parts, and the beauty of his form and colour is equalled by the beauty of his agile movements.

In a land of many waters water-fowl naturally abound. Moorhens are everywhere extremely common; they may sometimes be seen as thick as chickens in a poultry-run on the banks

of a certain remote stream which flows close by an old graveyard—a graveyard from which the little church in which Gilbert White ministered when he was a young man has long since disappeared. Large numbers of dabchicks and wild duck breed on the Itchen and her countless tributaries, coot call loudly from reed-beds and sedgy pools and here and there a shy water-rail, slipping about among the stems of tall aquatic plants, catches the eye of the bird-watcher. Herons still fish in the pond at Alresford which White called "a great lake"; and not much more than twenty years ago a pair of bitterns nested in a park in mid-Hampshire. Widgeon and teal are regular winter visitors; and in various localities teal have long been known to rear their young every season.

On still, dark nights the voice of the tawny owl is heard on every side where the beech avenues climb down the steep hill to meet the osier thickets. Country people say that when the moon is full the owls work too hard to have time to greet their neighbours with mellow hootings. Silent and ghostlike the barn-owl glides at dusk over the haystacks and beats across the misty turnip-fields. These tireless hunters will not rest from their labours until a dim light breaks through the grey east, and sleepy rooks rouse themselves from their slumbers and "caw" faintly as they stretch their wings and prepare to begin another day.

E. M. WILLIAMS.

IN THE GARDEN.

A BEAUTIFUL ROCK AND WALL GARDEN.

A ROCK garden that reminds one of the paradise of Alpine flowers in Sir Frank Crisp's grounds at Friar Park, Henley-on-Thames, is that of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bawdsey, near Felixstowe, although differently situated. The one is by the silvery Thames and the other by the sea, as shown in the beautiful illustrations that accompany these notes. Here in the early summer-time colonies of Alpine flowers, exquisitely grouped as if they were flung about by Nature herself, colour the rocks with a variety of plants of all heights, from the little Pinks to the drifts of Lupines scenting the sea wind with their fragrance. A lovely picture this rock garden is on a May day with the rocks and flowers in the background, the shore and the blue sea beyond. We know nothing like it, and it conveys a useful lesson that in the most unlikely places there may be formed a home of flowers in bewildering variety of form and colour. Here opportunities are given for the formation of beautiful groups, and in this instance the highest taste has been brought to bear in the planting, and this is everything. A rock garden well made, or formed out of natural conditions, is a joy indeed, and here there are walks with the stern flower-covered rock on either side, broad steps leading to the shore and with brave masses of plants lining the base cropping out delightfully on the path itself. It was a happy thought of Sir Cuthbert Quilter to make this garden of rock flowers under such unusual conditions. It has certainly added to the interest of the great resort near it, Felixstowe, which has brought

health to many a wearied mind. Seen from the sea itself this garden is of great beauty, flowers appearing tier upon tier, and all apparently enjoying the life-giving wind that blows upon them. Rambling through this garden reminds one of the great popularity of the rock garden in the present day, and much of this has arisen through such formations as those of Sir Cuthbert Quilter and Sir Frank Crisp. It is not given to everyone to possess such interesting gardens, wherein the plants from the Alps of the world find a home; but the rock garden of smaller dimensions when intelligently planted is almost as interesting. The great point is to choose the correct places for the plants—shelter and moisture for those that need it and sun

for others. A good type of rock garden is that at Kew; there is too much wood, perhaps, to please the writer, but the arrangement of the flowers is, as might be expected, delightful. The collection is an extensive one, and the grouping of the plants is set forth to show the value of this way of arrangement, masses of Aubrieta, Alyssum and Arabis tumbling over the stones, with the little mossy Balearic Sandwort (*Arenaria balearica*) creeping over the stones. A "flower of the stars" we like to call this pretty plant, starred over, as it is, with white flowers for many weeks in the summer. In one part there is a little recess with water trickling over the stones above to the peaty soil beneath, where the Himalayan Primrose (*Primula rosea*), *P. marginata*, the Marsh Marigolds (*Calthas*), the double Bachelor's Buttons or Fair Maids of France (*Ranunculus aconitifolius* fl.-pl.) among other plants are at home, this feature in



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BORDERED WITH ROCK FLOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. IN THE ROCK GARDEN: BAWDSEY. "C.L."

the rock garden providing the soil and situation the flowers enjoy. As I mentioned in my book, "Gardening for Beginners," the rock and wall gardens are becoming increasingly popular, and deservedly so, since they give opportunities for appreciating the beauties of numberless plants within a limited space, while one of their chief merits, from the amateur's point of view, lies in the fact that the owner of the garden, if he has some knowledge of gardening, may do everything with his own hands. The rock garden, if thoughtfully planned, offers, with its varied exposures and elevations, a home to a large assortment of charming flowering plants that will paint the ledges and crannies with bright colour from the early spring until past midsummer; the *Arabis* spreads its white veil over the face of the stone in the first days of March, followed by the *Aubrietas*, purple, crimson, and blue-grey, the dwarf *Phloxes*, *Mountain Pinks*, brilliant Sun Roses (*Helianthemum*) and a host of other lovely things that provide a succession of bright colours. Much, however, depends on the formation of the rock garden, and in this, as in other cases, there is a right and a wrong way. In its formation it must be borne in mind that the object in view is to grow beautiful plants, and to display to the best advantage, amid appropriate surroundings, the flowers that enamel the rugged Alpine slopes and streak the creviced crags with colour. The mission of the rocks is to afford crannies for the roots to explore, and to provide surfaces for trailing growths to veil with greenery and flowers. They are there to act as a natural setting for the flowers, which should spread in tinted breadths as freely as on their native slopes. The nearer Nature can be approached, the more natural will be the effect, and the rocks should therefore emerge from the soil in such a way as to give the conception of an outcrop of the rock from the mountain-side. Where rock masses are built by placing stones against one another, either in a horizontal or sloping position, those having flat surfaces should be used in order that the flat form of rock stratification may be indicated. On no account should cement be used in the rock garden, but all seams and fissures between the stones should be filled in with soil, "great care," as it is expressed, being taken that no vacuum exists between the rock faces. Should these occur, losses are certain to ensue through the dry air entering the crevices and parching the roots. It is well to excavate where the rock garden is to be formed to a depth of 18in., so that thorough drainage may be ensured, as a too damp soil at the roots of Alpine flowers is fatal to their full development. A depth of quite 3ft. of soil should be provided, as many rock plants send their roots downwards some distance between the masses of stone, where they remain cool and moist through the hottest weather, while foliage and flowers enjoy the full sun. Sandy loam mixed with some peat, to which a good proportion of sandstone chips has been added, will be found suitable for the

majority of rock plants. Some, however, prefer peat, while others enjoy a calcareous soil. Always use country stone, that is, stone easily procurable in the locality, in the construction of the rock garden, unless the stone is likely to quickly crumble away. Here and there, along the irregular edges, as shown in the illustration of the flowers in Sir Cuthbert Quilter's garden, should be *Sea Pinks* (*Armeria*), *Sedums*, *Saxifrages*, *Corydalis* and other plants growing out into the walk, while in the chinks of rough rock steps *Erinus alpinus* will flower freely and *Arenaria balearica* spangle the perpendicular stones with countless white flowers.

Rock and wall gardening, which are much akin, have brought a rich and delightful beauty to the English garden, and flowers surrounding the home are always precious, whether they are of the rock or wall garden or the border. I well remember a beautiful house in a beautiful village. An old and neglected orchard, with a forest of Nettles underneath, was before the house; the Nettles were dug out, Daffodils were planted, and in spring the meeting of App'e and Pear tree and Daffodil was pleasant to see. But it was the walls that gave so much beauty to the garden; these were retaining walls, and in them many little Alpine flowers were planted—the *Erinus*, *Arenaria*, *Aubrieta*, *Pansy* and other plants.

C.

A NEW HOLLY.

AS the latter part of April and early May is a good period in which to plant Hollies, it may be useful to draw attention to an entirely new one, named *Ilex Pernyi*, recently introduced to this country from Western China, which has proved to be quite hardy in the London district. It is a very distinct-looking shrub, the growth being very dense and the foliage freely provided with spines, these giving the leaves a very ornamental appearance. When young the colour of the foliage is pale green, but this darkens considerably with age. Where choice and neat-growing evergreens are appreciated this Holly should certainly be given a place.

NEW FLOWERING SHRUBS.

Among the many beautiful hardy flowering shrubs which have been introduced to this country during recent years from China and Thibet, the excellent forms of *Buddleia variabilis* are worthy of attention. They thrive in almost any soil and situation, and as they make growth very quickly good specimens are soon obtainable. Their long pendulous tassels of heliotrope-coloured flowers are very beautiful, the grey-green foliage providing a pleasing background to the flowers, which are pleasantly scented.



Copyright. AT BAWDSEY: FACING THE SEA. "C.L."

To enable these shrubs to flower well they need pruning hard back each spring, the blossoms being borne at the ends of the new shoots which are formed as a result of this cutting. A mulch over the roots with well-decayed manure after this pruning has been completed will greatly assist the formation of vigorous flowering shoots. In addition to *Buddleia variabilis* itself, the varieties *B. v. magnifica* and *B. v. veitchiana* should be grown. These produce larger and better coloured flowers than the type plant, and are also of a more robust habit.

F. W. H.



THE Saxon churls or husbandmen seem very often to have settled in agricultural communities where no great man, historic circumstance or physical features dictated a special name, for Charltons are very frequent throughout the land, and there are four in Kent alone. That with which we are concerned now much belies its origin. The churl has gone and the citizen has come. Wedged in between the great towns of Greenwich and Woolwich, the parish of Charlton has itself a population of some 20,000 souls, and when we alight at its station we feel we are not yet out of London. But when we mount the hill and reach the church and manor place we breathe a different air. With a little hiding out of modern intrusions, we can imagine ourselves back in the open country of Early Stewart times, when a servant of the Crown built the great house which confronts us and left money to erect the church which is at our side. Both have survived with little alteration, and as the manor house has continued to be the habitation of its successive owners, its grounds and park remain as outposts against the invasion of "villadom," while great open spaces—the park of Greenwich and the common lands of Charlton, Woolwich and Blackheath—assist in keeping it free from the close compass of streets. Succeeding generations have dealt more respectfully with the "nest of his old age" which Adam Newton erected during the years when he was tutor and secretary to a promising heir of the British throne, than he did with the buildings he found there, for he must have swept away all trace of the wide-spreading old Gothic house and steading of which we get but faint mention before his time, but the very position of which is now unknown. It was in the hands of tenants of a great abbey which held

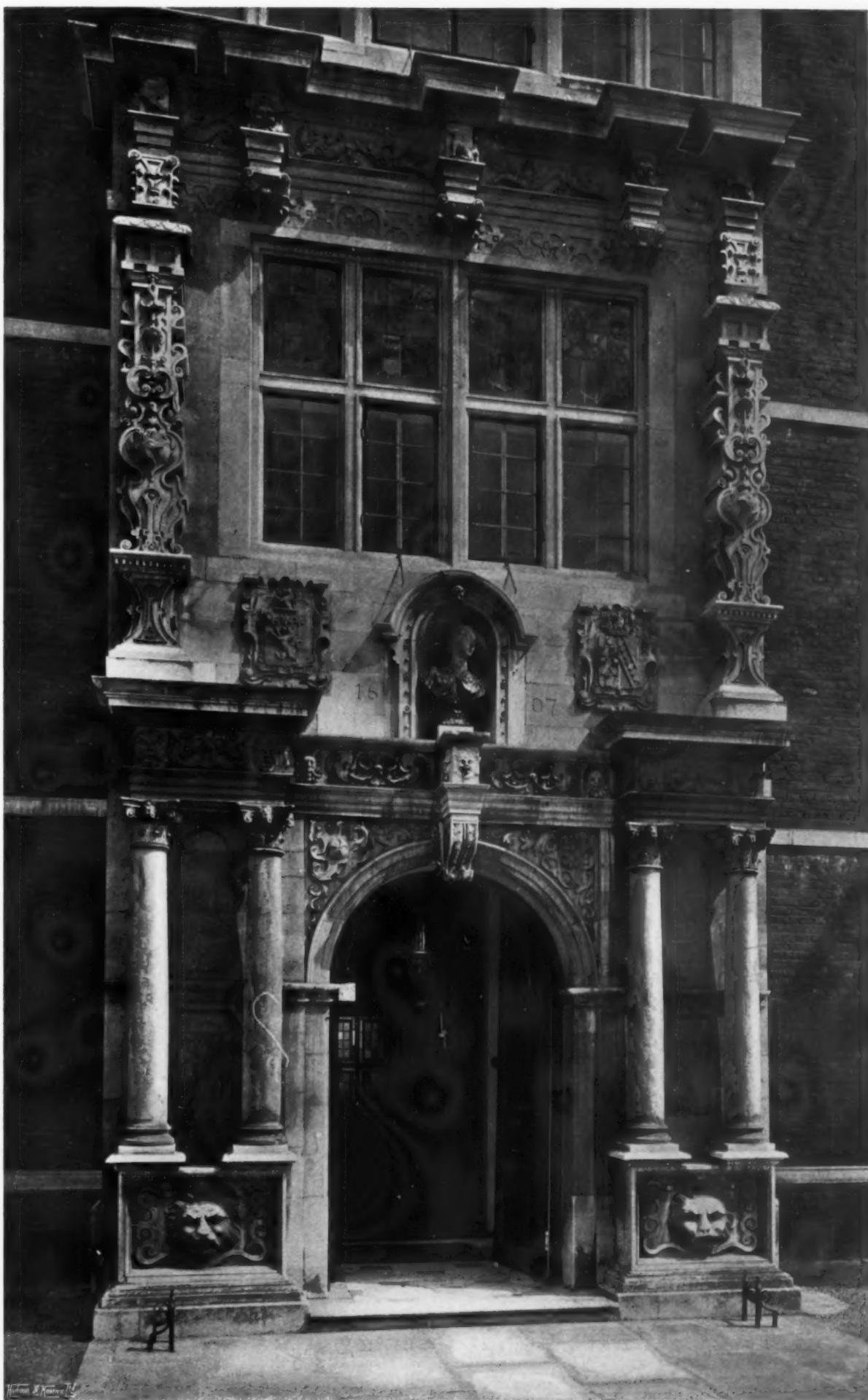
the manor from Norman to Tudor times. Passing from the treasonable and exiled Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, to the courtly and subservient Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, in William Rufus's day, it was bestowed by him upon the hitherto humble monastery of Bermondsey, which the evil king, in a moment of illness and repentance, was richly endowing. Charlton is but half-a-dozen miles from Bermondsey, and its demesne lands would help to supply its monkish lords with the produce of its fields and woods. They probably long kept them in hand, and farmed them through a bailiff, who could represent their head in the ordinary business of the Manor Courts, of the weekly markets and of the annual fair. But as time went on the abbot and brethren found it more profitable and less troublesome to give up their direct possession and governance, and accept a rental. Such documents as expired leases did not interest the Crown when the dissolution of the monasteries brought Charlton into its hands; but a lease still running was their affair and to be kept, and thus the first we know of a tenant of the manor is that the abbot granted the house and much of the lands and rights for thirty-three years, at a rent of £20 per annum, to Sir Christopher Garneys in 1527. The position of Charlton, between the palaces of Eltham and Greenwich (the former of which was a very favourite residence of our kings before Henry VIII.'s time, while the latter was much improved and more used by him and his successors), made it a desirable place for those connected with the Court, and such were all Adam Newton's predecessors in possession as well as himself. Sir Christopher Garneys was one of King Hal's notable gallants. His office was merely that of a gentleman usher, but his Sovereign treated him with much familiarity, making him his companion at masquerades and losing money to him at play. He took him



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on his foreign expeditions, knighted him at Tournay in 1513, and the next year, when his sister, the Princess Mary, went to wed Louis XII. of France, he sent him as part of her own escort in her own ship. This ship, however, got separated from the accompanying fleet in a storm and was beached at Boulogne, where Sir Christopher took his Royal mistress in his arms and carried her through the breakers to the shore. The King bestowed on him a widow "with 400 marks in land and 1,000l.

egress and regress for his servants and carriages; also all houses and buildings within the two inner Courts of the manor place, gardens, orchards, etc., also the close called the vineyard adjoining the orchard," which seems a good deal for his money. The arrangement was not of very long duration. Before 1536 both Mountjoy and Garneys were dead, and the latter's widow assigned the lease to Thomas Weldon, then Chief Clerk in the Royal Kitchen, but afterwards Master of the Household to



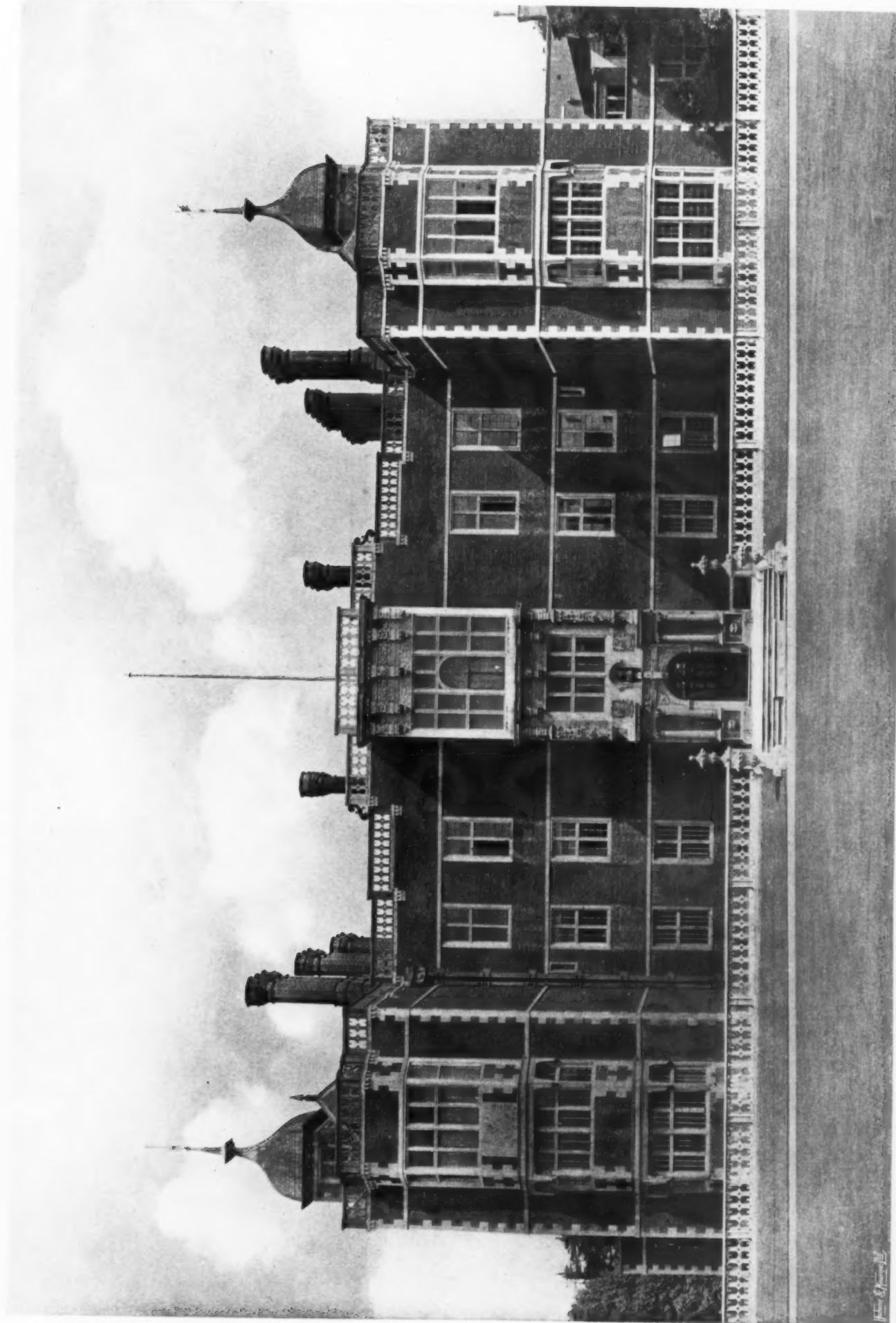
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SEEN THROUGH THE OLD FORECOURT GATEWAY.

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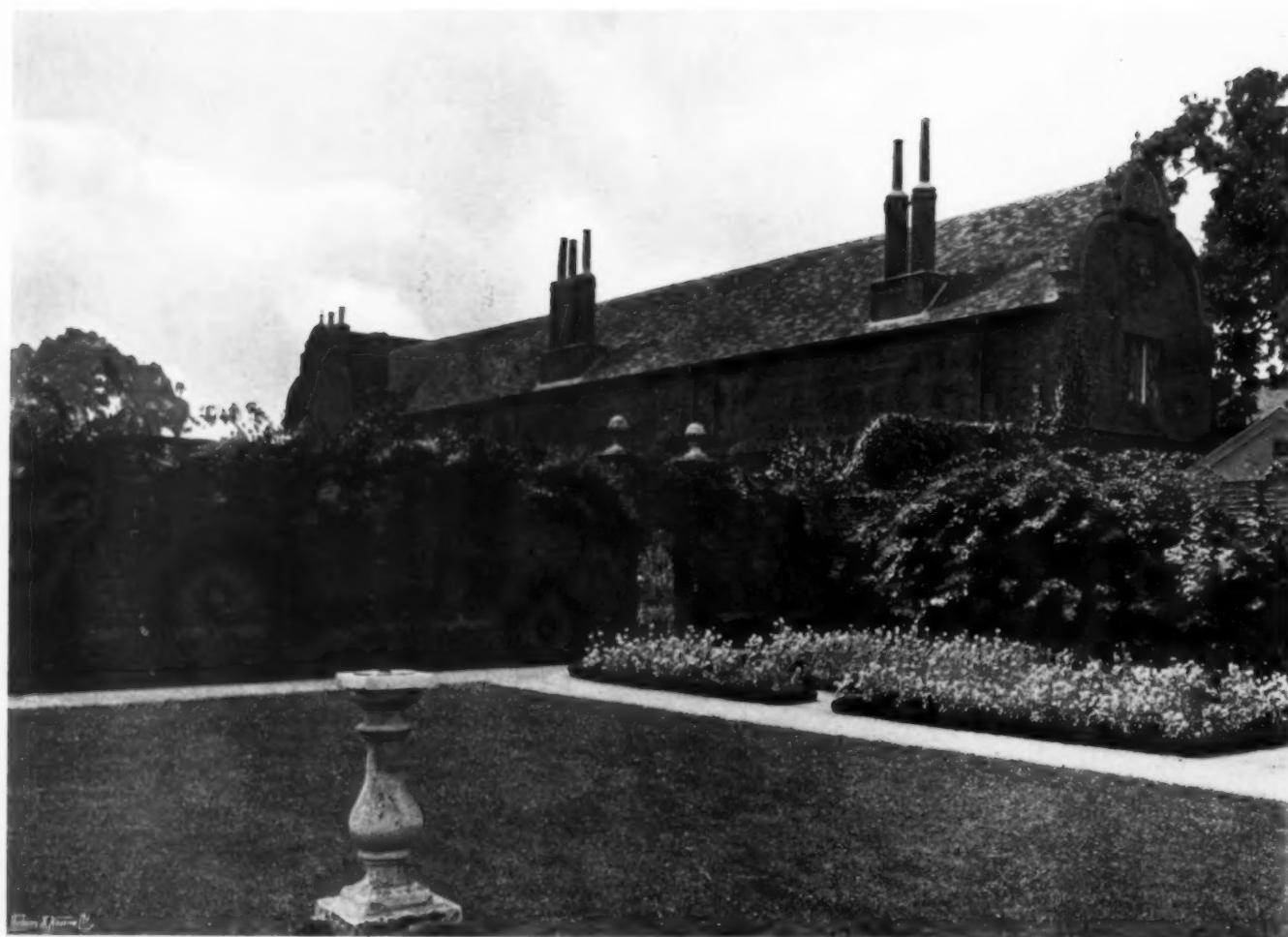
in her purse," and made him Chief Porter of Calais in 1526, where his duties caused him mostly to reside till his death. It was not, therefore, with a view to occupation that he leased Charlton in 1527, but in order to farm it out at a profit beyond the rent he paid. He at once let the house to the fourth Lord Mountjoy, who was also a favourite with Henry VIII. He paid 3l. per annum for "the site and manor place of Charlton with

Edward VI. The lease was frequently assigned by its tenants or re-granted by the Crown, and in Queen Elizabeth's time was held by Dame Anne Parry, then a widow for the third time, and a notable woman for her husbands and her sons. Her second husband, Sir Adrian Fortescue, as a relative of the Boleyns, was treated almost as a sort of Royal connection during the time of Anne's ascendancy, but after her fall he became involved in the



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THE STABLES FROM THE WALLED GARDEN.

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FROM DINING-ROOM TO LAWN.

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trumped-up treason of the Poles and lost his head. Of the sons of this marriage, Anthony was a Catholic favourite under Mary, but a conspirator under Elizabeth; while John rose to be the latter Queen's Chancellor of the Exchequer, and kept his brother's head from the block. Their mother, soon after their father's beheading in 1539, had consoled herself with wedding Sir Thomas Parry, of kin with William Cecil, and Comptroller of Elizabeth's household. Their son, Sir Thomas Parry the younger, was Ambassador to France and, in King James's time, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. By the time that office came to him the connection of Charlton with his family had ceased, and it had also passed from the possession of the Crown.

Among the most trusted councillors of James, when King of Scotland, was John Erskine, Earl of Mar. He had done good work in the negotiations which led to his master's succession to the English throne, and in April, 1603, he accompanied him on his journey to London to take up his inheritance. The trusty servant needed reward, and among the English lands bestowed on him was the manor of Charlton. He turned his acres into cash, letting his son Sir James have Charlton cheap for £2,000, so that he was able to make a good profit when he passed it on, in 1607, for the sum of £4,500 to Adam Newton, "schoolmaster" to Prince Henry. Newton had spent his early manhood abroad, where he had a good reputation as a scholar, and was teacher of Greek at the College of St. Maixant in Poitou. He was back in Scotland before the sixteenth century closed, for in 1599 Prince Henry, being five years old, passed out of the nursery and into the schoolroom. The King then appointed Newton his tutor, and wrote the "*Basilikon Doron*" for his guidance. Newton came with his charge to England in 1603, and the palace of Richmond, where Elizabeth had died, becoming the Prince's chief residence, was also the tutor's headquarters. Thither in 1605 the latter brought his bride, who was a daughter of one of Elizabeth's Chancellors, Sir John Puckering, and thus, in the purchase deed of Charlton, Adam Newton and Catherine his wife are described as "of Richmond." The building of the new house seems to have been begun very soon after the acquisition of the estate, and it was fit for occupation in 1612. As Newton was not, so far as we know, a man of any private property, and as his official emoluments were small, his undertaking, thus early in his English and more prosperous career, to erect so considerable and sumptuous a pile as Charlton House is rather mysterious.

True he was, though a layman, given the Deanery of Durham a year before he commenced operations, but that seems the only place of considerable profit which he held until he became Secretary to the Council of Wales, and that was not till two years before his death, in 1630, and could not therefore have any influence on his house-building plans. Hence, no doubt, arose the assumption that he was making, not so much a home for himself, as a residence for his Prince. The position, not only near Greenwich, where the King or Queen often were, but near the dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich, in which Henry took the keenest

interest throughout his short life, gives colour to the idea. But all contemporary evidence is against it. The estate was bought and the house built privately by Newton without the least aid from the Royal Exchequer, and where he, in his surviving correspondence, directly mentions the house, it is as his own, without any hint of ulterior purpose. Yet he may have had it in his mind that he might afterwards dispose of it profitably to the Prince, and this may have passed into a family tradition and have been related by Adam Newton's son to his friend, John Evelyn, who, forty



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A STONE URN.

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years after the Prince was dead, mentions Adam Newton as the man "who built that faire house for Prince Henry." There is no earlier or more substantial evidence to support a theory which most writers on Charlton House have assumed as established fact. That there was any such intention is therefore doubtful; that the Prince ever resided there is impossible. The room in the house that was fitted up as the private chapel was not consecrated till 1616, and that probably marks the date of the entire completion of the edifice, though it may have been inhabitable as early as 1612, and the King seems to have spent some part

of a day there in the next year. But except to ride over from Greenwich and see the progress of the building, neither the Prince nor Adam Newton can have visited it before 1612, and that is the year of the Prince's death. Yet the writer of a recent and important two-volume work on Woolwich and its environs not only knew that the Prince "here spent a considerable portion of his short life," but he is able to tell us the precise spot in the house where tutor and pupil played at shuffle-board together and to repeat the exact words they used to each other on the occasion! The placing of this traditional conversation at Charlton is rendered all the more far-fetched by the fact that the house can scarcely have had a roof on when the Prince and Newton ceased to be in the relation of pupil and master to each other. When he was sixteen the Prince was considered of age to come out of the schoolroom and have the management of his household and of his estates as Prince of Wales and Duke of Cornwall. His investiture was a very grand affair which took place in the great white chamber of the Palace of Westminster before the crowned King, the Houses of Parliament, the officers of State and the foreign Ambassadors on June 4th, 1610. Newton

London residence necessary, the now habitable Charlton did become the chief nest, not so much of his old age, as of his active middle life. Of what kind, then, was the abode which he had taken some five years in preparing for himself?

Just as tradition connects Charlton with Prince Henry as its intended occupant, so does it name Inigo Jones as its architect. But how many a house, varied in date and style, described in these pages has been found to have been "assigned to Inigo Jones" without a shred of evidence or even of probability! The new building of Raynham and of Coleshill, the additions to Kirby and Castle Ashby, the alterations at Wilton and Ford, almost complete the list of surviving country work which can confidently be put down to him. At a first glance at the circumstances, his connection with Charlton seems probable enough. He and Newton were members of the same household, for the newly invested Prince of Wales, who chose Newton as his secretary, appointed Inigo Jones as his surveyor of works. But this was two or three years after the planning and inception of Charlton. Nor is there any evidence that Jones, even when he was the Prince's servant, designed or carried out buildings for his employer or for anyone else. We only know that he was then engaged in the ordinary



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THE INIGO JONES GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was then promoted to the more honourable post of Secretary to His Highness, and his correspondence shows that he was considered a man to be reckoned with by the chief statesmen, diplomats and nobles of the realm. He was undoubtedly a *persona grata* with the Prince, and had a right to expect that when the son succeeded the father on the throne, the private secretaryship would develop into a Secretarship of State. But in the autumn days of 1612, the young man of eighteen, hitherto so active in both body and mind, was laid low by a fatal sickness just as the feeling of hope and affection was ripening towards him in the nation's breast. To Newton his death was a serious blow, and he was expressing his real sentiments when he wrote, two months after the event, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Puckering, that the loss had "till then seized so effectually both his heart and hand that neither of them was able to discharge any duty to his friends, being wholly taken up in mourning for a master." To sentimental grief was added some worldly anxiety, and he confesses that "if his own building were to begin again he would be advised." But it was too late to repent, and if he failed to get further Court employment it would serve as his *nihil senectutis*. Although he was soon appointed Treasurer to Prince Charles, and had other duties which often made

duties of surveyorship and the preparation of the scenery, machinery and dresses for masques. Moreover, we have every reason to believe that already, after his first visit to Italy, he had become a convinced Palladian, whereas Charlton House fully retains the character of the style which we know as Jacobean. It is designed after the manner of John Thorpe and his school, so fully represented in that somewhat mysterious architect's book of manuscript drawings now in the Soane Museum. Although Charlton House finds no place in that interesting collection, there is a ground plan of Somerhill, near Tunbridge, as it was originally built, which is almost the counterpart of that at Charlton as it still is, and which is noticeable as marking a stage in the evolution of the English country house. The mediæval Englishman's abode, if of any size, centred in its great hall, occupying the middle of the house, lit by windows on both sides, having at one end the porch and screens and the doorways to the kitchen and buttery, and at the other end the oriel and dais and access to the private apartments. English conservatism carried the arrangement on far into the Renaissance period, and we have recently had an example of it at Wiston, built by Sir Thomas Sherley about the year 1575. But there was a tendency to lessen the size of the hall, to make it of



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LADY WILSON'S BOUDOIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

single-storey height and to place the great parlour above it. There are many house plans in Thorpe's book showing this change, but preserving the screen entrance at one end of the hall and the system of lighting it on both sides, thus continuing the habit of making the central part of the house very narrow. Only in the plans of a small house "for Mr. Wilm Powell" and of the one for "Ld Clanricarde" (Somerhill), so similar to that of Charlton, does there appear a hall entered in the middle and whose length, and not its width, occupies the width of the centre of the house. That is the case at Charlton; and this variation, occurring in two houses having almost identical ground plans, situate in the same county and built at the same time, rather implies a design furnished by the same man, who may have been John Thorpe. Charlton is, therefore, an example that stands midway between the loosely-knit, spreading plan usual under Elizabeth and the square, compact house, two rooms thick in the centre, which Inigo Jones affected. Adam Newton placed his abode on the edge of the village green, from which it was separated by a forecourt approached through the classic archway which yet survives, though the green has long been enclosed in the grounds and the entrance is through more distant

lodge gates. Entering the forecourt through the arched gateway, the slightly projecting three-storeyed porch giving access to the hall stood facing the visitor. It is the one richly decorated external feature. The walling of the house is of red brick, but the coigns, the window frames and mullioning and the other dress parts are of ashlar. Yet only in the case of the western porch is the ashlar elaborately carved. It is a first-rate example of the treatment prior to Inigo Jones, and well answers to Mr. Reginald Blomfield's description of Thorpe's manner, of which he says that, "though picturesque and loveable in a way it missed the essential quality of architecture—the distinction of severe restraint and single minded purpose." The Charlton porch is a delightful medley of more or less understood classic forms and motifs, chosen and adapted probably by a clever master mason out of the then popular Flemish books of design, and not knit together with severe classic precision as it would have been had it emanated from Inigo Jones's brain and pencil. The single much-carved pilasters of the second tier do not stand in the middle of the base which the entablature of the paired columns affords them, and in their Flemish eccentricity of outline are in too strong a contrast with the much finer Italian forms below. Nor do



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the five sections of projecting cornice bracketed out above both the lower and upper windows serve any reasonable and constructive purpose, but are merely used—after the usual manner of our Elizabethans—as self-sufficient and independent ornaments. But though sticklers for classic purity in architecture may carp at such designing—or, rather, want of designing—yet the result at Charlton and elsewhere is sympathetic and engaging. There is something individual and democratic about it. It is the output of craftsmen not perhaps deeply versed in the principles of Vitruvius, but thinking a little for themselves, putting something of their own in their work and giving it more life and character than did their more mechanical if technically superior successors, who were set to a rigid copying of the comprehensive and detailed drawings of learned architects. The east front of Charlton is much simpler than the west. There is the same

house, and very lofty, as it uses up the whole height of the two storeys of rooms on each side of it. To the south of the hall lie the offices, the old position of the buttery next to it and having a stair to the cellar having been retained. To the north the space of half the length of the hall is taken up by the room now used as a library, and the remaining space by the principal staircase with flat strapwork carving on the newel-posts and massive balusters that remind one in their outline of the Flemish character of the stone pilasters of the porch. The hall does not open on to the bottom of the staircase. The fall of the ground towards the north was taken advantage of by the designer to gain additional height for two important rooms by lowering their floor level. A short flight of steps, therefore, leads to the charming twin doors that are illustrated. The round-a-ched doorways are of stone and the top segmental panes of the doors have the boar's head crest of Newton facing the Puckering stag. The latter might well be introduced, for when we come next week to the later chronicles of this fine house—accompanied by further illustrations—we shall see that Adam Newton's son inherited from his mother's brother the Puckering estates and took the name and arms of that family.

T.



Copyright.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

porch projection, but no carving. The parapet is of plain brick, as are the coigns of the wing angles and of the bays. From the centre of the side elevations spring narrow, tall, cupolaed towers, a favourite feature of the Thorpe school, to which, also, the quadrangle of gabled stabling belongs. There is, however, one little building at Charlton which betrays another hand, and that is the reserved but well-proportioned garden or banqueting house, which was placed on a raised spot at the north-west angle of the grounds overlooking the church and village street. This is quite in Inigo Jones's manner, and it is more than probable that he furnished the design, for it nearly resembles a cognate building at Becket Park, Berkshire, which authorities agree to set down to him.

Entering the house through the west porch, we find ourselves in the hall, stretching its length through to the east side of the

able; but in a few days they were gone; they seemed in a very exhausted state, which must have been the result of a long migration.

Another feature of 1907 was the apparent increase in the number of the two common varieties of owls, which had for long been little heard. They now frequent the garden almost nightly; and one I saw besieged by a great multitude of small birds in the daytime among some poplars. In June, again, my cousin and I observed a peregrine falcon enter the garden with a blackbird almost in his claws. The blackbird dashed into some dense laurels which entangled the peregrine (a tiercel), who was unable to reach him; had my cousin and I not made a noise in rushing down the walk we could have captured the hawk; as it was, he rose slowly and sailed off. Toward the end of the year, on an excursion with one of the Sheriffs of Lanarkshire—a keen geologist—taking the heights of hills with the barometer, we were sitting on a small stone bridge at a height of about a thousand feet, with a marsh in front and a ravine below, when a large bird—evidently a "hawk"—flew towards us,

BIRDS IN PERTHSHIRE.

IN Scotland the collectors of insects are few, those of birds and their eggs many. Hence the great scope for the entomologist and the increasing rarity of the *rariores aves*.

Although we have not the entomological scope offered by England—where, curiously, collectors are more enthusiastic—yet, on the other hand, we have still more rare birds than she. It is not much over a year since I saw, for the only time, what was either one of the two eagles of these islands or the Greenland falcon, of which there is a fine specimen in the museum of the Perthshire Society of Natural Science. The bird was too high to identify, and one could distinguish no colour at the distance—say, 800yds.—not even the red of a golden eagle or the unmistakable white and black of a Greenland falcon. But there was no mistaking the size—a size possessed only by the eagles and the largest species of falcon. The flight might have been that of either. The Greenland falcon is now almost as "British" as either of the eagles, or, rather, they are now almost as little "British" as it. I mention my observation, unsatisfactory as it is, as the sight of any of these three giants is nowadays extraordinary. Some weeks later came two visitors quite new to me—and locally very rare—redwings. They seemed to me to be young mavis, and the time being inappropriate for the latter, I used an opera-glass and detected the reddish orange wing-coverts. I hoped the pair would nest in the garden, as for them to do so in this island would have been remarkable.

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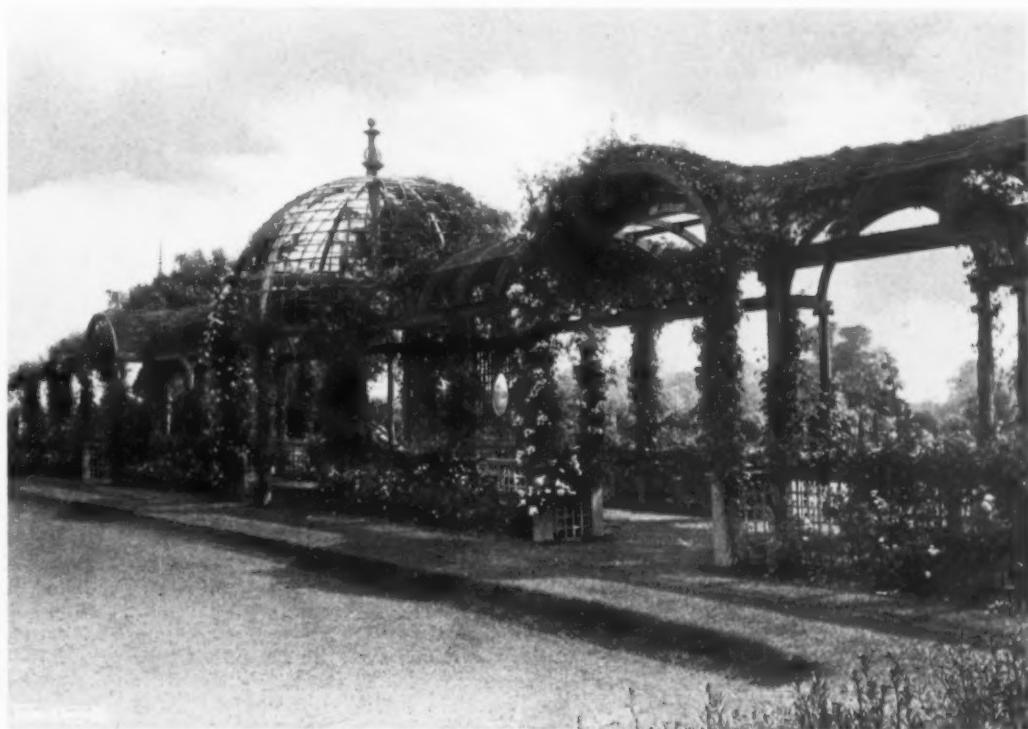
he rose slowly and sailed off. Toward the end of the year, on an excursion with one of the Sheriffs of Lanarkshire—a keen geologist—taking the heights of hills with the barometer, we were sitting on a small stone bridge at a height of about a thousand feet, with a marsh in front and a ravine below, when a large bird—evidently a "hawk"—flew towards us,

then turned away into the marsh at an abrupt angle. The flight betrayed his genus. He was a harrier—whether the hen-harrier, the marsh-harrier, or Montagu's harrier we could not determine. The whole genus—three species—is rapidly passing away under the insane attacks of gamekeepers, one of whom shoots every owl or falcon or hawk he sees, although his masters tell me that he has been forbidden ever to injure a bird of prey. Even the sparrow-hawk I have only seen twice or, at most, thrice in twelve months. In fact, though absurdly classed by scientific societies as "moderately common," it is now in Central Scotland a "rare bird." A bird that a close observer only sees once in a year, or thrice, is, indeed, verging on extinction. About a week ago we noticed on the golf links what seemed to be a kestrel, but I thought it too public a place for such a bird—which I have only recorded twice previously, although I have had the eggs submitted to me by others—yet as it hovered it looked unmistakably like one at a distance of a quarter of a mile. And, sure enough, when the game took us to the green over which the bird had passed, I found a freshly-killed titmouse gutted, eaten and picked already. Considering the public nature of the place, my opinion is that the bird might have been devoured and dropped while the kestrel was flying. I see nothing impossible in this, although it almost never happens. And, possibly as the result of the scarcity of hawks, let me comment on the increasing presence of the smaller species—sparrows, starlings, robins and (rarer) the redstart and redpoll. The redpoll is one of the most erratic birds in Scotland, possibly in England: unknown for years and then appearing in flocks. This winter (1908-9) their migration was announced by eight of them entering the garden and sitting on a tree together, their faint cries resembling those of a titmouse. Later on, in a field, I saw boys catching them, or trying to catch them, on behalf of a bird-fancier. The chaffinch, and especially the bullfinch, siskin and yellowhammer, are growing increasingly scarcer among small birds in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, while the kingfisher has vanished from the river; but the hawfinch seems to be making his appearance, along with numerous great tits (ox-eyes) and what seems to me a very dark variety of the common blue tit. The scarce fire-crested wren itself I indicated to a sceptical roadman some time ago, and the hitherto unsocial common wren I recently saw for about two days in our shrubberies.

ASHMORE WINGATE.

WOODWORK IN THE GARDEN.

In all gardening of the formal type architectural details play a part of quite considerable importance. The garden designer must be, indeed, either a trained architect or a man who has a very thorough acquaintance with certain phases of architectural practice, if he is to deal with the formal garden in the right spirit and to bring it into accord with the best traditions. It does not matter whether his design is to be carried out solely in growing vegetation which has to be clipped and shaped into definite and exactly calculated forms, or whether he proposes to associate trees and shrubs with structures



THE EAST PERGOLA AT EASTON LODGE.

in stone or wood which will count as salient facts in his plan and contrast picturesquely with the foliage in which they are set; the architectural spirit must prevail, or the result will be weak and unconvincing.

This is certainly true of all kinds of wood construction in the garden. The simple trellis screen, the carefully built pergola, the summer-house or garden pavilion, whether plainly designed or fantastically and elaborately treated, must all have their due measure of artistic intention. Their effect must be considered beforehand, and the way in which they will contribute to the pictorial scheme which it should be the aim of every sincere garden-maker to work out must be fully foreseen. Chance should scarcely come within the view of the designer of the formal garden, or, at all events, only to a very limited extent; his accidents must be pre-meditated and prepared for, carefully led up to by judicious contrivances, and watched always in development lest they should get out of control.

So, it is necessary that any structure in wood, erected for the adornment of a garden, should agree in character and manner of construction with the character of the garden in which it is



UNDER THE NORTH PERGOLA: EASTON LODGE.

placed, and should be arranged in such a way that its specific architectural qualities cannot be destroyed by any over-growth of the creeping plants which this structure may be called upon to support. How admirably the adaptation of wooden constructions to their surroundings can be managed is proved by the many important examples which can be referred to in the older French gardens, the designers of which appreciated fully the advantage of such additions to enhance the charm of the effects which they sought to produce. In France, indeed, the value of this type of erection, its suitability for its special purposes, its convenience and its many possibilities of picturesqueness have been fully understood and as fully demonstrated; and the fashion which was established there so many years ago has found many followers in other countries.

Decidedly, our own garden designers have learned from their French predecessors a good deal worth knowing in this matter of constructing varieties of woodwork, and, what is more important, they have learned thoroughly how to adapt them to the requirements of British gardens. An excellent example of this judicious management of accessory details in garden design is afforded in what has been accomplished by Mr. H. A. Peto at Easton Lodge in Essex. The grounds of this house he has adorned with many architectural features; some of these are in stone, but the rest are in wood, and are carried out with an amount of inventiveness and sincerity that would delight the most earnest of the older garden artists. Mr. Peto has fully appreciated the special advantages of wood construction in garden decoration and the way in which it can be introduced congruously among masses of trees and shrubs, and he has succeeded perfectly in bringing the forms of the erections he has



A GARDEN TEA-HOUSE.

designed into agreement with their surroundings. The most conspicuous feature of his design is the series of finely proportioned pergolas which stretch along each side of the croquet lawn. These pergolas with arched roofs carried on slender pillars, and with a central dome to break the great length of roof-line, are admirable illustrations of what can be done by a garden designer who respects the genius of his materials and has that sense of fitness upon which all real artistic achievement is founded. The purpose of the pergola—to be a support for climbing and flowering plants and to be covered eventually with masses of greenery—is by no means forgotten; but equally the designer has remembered that the structure when completely covered with vegetation, and when its external details are hidden by leaves and flowers, should still be, when seen from within, an architectural fact showing a



PERGOLA AT APETHORPE.

serious decorative intention and right consideration as a design. In such examples there is proof enough that wood construction, frankly and characteristically used, can be made dignified in effect and yet agreeably unpretentious. Indeed, not a little of the beauty of these particular pergolas comes from their simplicity; no fantastic devices are employed in them to give an unnecessary quaintness and no purposeless ornament is introduced.

There is a similar reticence in the treatment of the tea-house which Mr. Peto has placed on the edge of the lake at Easton Lodge. In this instance he has looked to the Japanese rather than the French for inspiration, but he has used his own discretion freely in turning this inspiration to practical account, and the tea-house as he has designed it is much more an expression of his own artistic feeling than a reproduction of anything existing elsewhere. It is an attractive piece of wood construction, solid and substantial, and yet light and graceful in general effect. The true genius of building in wood is observed both in the main lines and in the smaller ornamental additions, and the proportion of the whole thing is very rightly adjusted. Wood construction of this sound character is always interesting, because it has a meaning and a reason for existence

and because it gives the architect scope for the exercise of much pleasant ingenuity.

It must not be forgotten that the essentially architectural type of pergola—to revert to that subject—is not the only one which is permissible in the well-planned garden; the more familiar rustic kind is by no means unworthy of consideration. Such a one, for instance, as exists at Apethorpe can be included among the varieties of wood construction. In this type the designer, having a general scheme of arrangement, profits by the accidents of line which come from the use of curiously curved and contorted pieces of wood. If he does not allow his taste for irregularity to get out of reasonable control, he can with such material produce effects which are undeniably picturesque. But the hand of the artist is quite as necessary here as in the more formal and deliberate designing. In one case everything is thought out and prepared for beforehand; in the other the designer trusts to some extent to the inspiration of the moment and modifies his first intention as circumstances dictate. In both cases, however, the artist, being a man of sincere aims and honest conviction, does not forget that there lies upon him an obligation to be true to the vital principles of his craft.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IS Mr. Maurice Hewlett wise in going for the subjects of his verses to the ancient Greek mythology? is a question that inevitably comes up to the reader of *Artemision* (Elkin Mathews). It is probably a very impractical and useless question. Mr. Hewlett is a literary man pure and simple. He does not pretend to that keen interest in the advance of science which belongs to Mr. Hardy and is incorporate in his art. His delight is in what he would no doubt call the things of the spirit; therefore out of Greek legend as it is enshrined in Greek poetry he has worked out the majority of the themes that make up this little volume. It is a book that will delight the cultivated. Mr. Hewlett has an eye that seems to recognise instinctively the beautiful and touching things of life. He has scholarship, and he has so far mastered the technical art of poetry that his verse is invariably musical and fine. But probably if asked he would say that he despised that body of interest belonging to the present day which is comprised in the single word science. Yet anyone who will think of the mind of the reader more than that of the writer must see how things have changed since Homer sang of the mob of deities who in his day inhabited Olympus. The minds of mankind, ever dwelling on what is strange and incomprehensible in a world that was a mystery in the beginning and is a mystery still, are turned far away from ancient myths and are seeking what will satisfy them in the progress and movements of to-day. Man in the first stages of his history watched the stars and noticed how each followed its silent and inevitable course. He noticed in daily life things which to his dawning intelligence appeared mysteries that could not be solved. He dreamed dreams in which parents and friends who had gone before him appeared in his sleep and he imagined another world—meadows grown over with asphodels, great halls where the dead met and revelled. He imagined deities that were like giant presentments of himself, and flung them up into the sky, where the stars were given the names of his gods. The phenomena of Nature were so many mysteries to him; when it thundered he concluded that it must be Jove's chariot that was making the noise and that the lightnings were his bolts. His daily life was governed by the auguries of soothsayers and the omens that tradition pointed out to him. Thus, whatever was poetic in his nature, that is to say, whatever was gripped by the sense of mystery in life, went out naturally to the stories of the divinities and the semi-divinities, which poet and priest had either imagined or described. Thus the poet who sang of Leto and Endymion, of Narcissus, Artemis and their kind, was addressing an audience who had on the whole his own sympathies and his own knowledge or want of knowledge. But science, creeping on from point to point, gradually divested these tales of any element of credibility they might have once had. They would have, in fact, died out altogether and been forgotten, but for the fact that they were enshrined in the imperishable lines of some of the greatest poets the world has ever known. To-day the poetry that we call classical is probably more widely read and more thoroughly appreciated than it ever has been before. Its immortality is assured, but the subjects out of which that poetry was formed have ceased to share the interest that it excited. People who are thinking out the latest problem in wireless telegraphy cannot have a real interest in Jove and his thunder-bolts, however much they may admire

the references to him in the *Odyssey*. The story of Icarus, if it could be considered apart from the charm with which it has been handed down, would appear to be trifling and jejune to those who are engaged in the problem of reducing the navigation of the air to an exact science. That is probably why Macaulay, in one of his shallowest utterances, declared that poetry must inevitably retreat before the advance of science. It is unlikely to do so, because science reveals far more mysteries than it explains. Much that caused the primitive mind to halt and wonder while man was engaged in the first rude attempts at conquering the Earth has now been absolutely cleared up, and he who thought it miraculous would be regarded as stupid. The best illustration of this is to be found in geography. Early voyagers came home and told of wonders and monstrosities, of rocks like Scylla and Charybdis that crashed together upon the unwaried mariner, of islands like that in which Polyphemus dwelt, of Circe and her magical arts, and no one could contradict them, so that the poet could weave out of these imaginary events the narrative that enthralled the hearers without making too much call upon their credulity. He did it excellently, because he was aware that the sympathies of his hearers were with him and that he could reckon on an implicit belief in what he uttered. When Mr. Hewlett goes to the same source for inspiration, he has to rely upon the version of other poets. He is perfectly well aware himself, and, what is worse, he knows his readers also to be aware, of the imaginary character of the figures and scenes with which he deals, so that a sense of unreality is unavoidable. Moreover, the reader of to-day has more than the negative quality of knowing what was pure fable in ancient learning. He is filled with far wider and far deeper interests than those which his forefathers harboured. Astrology and all its gibberish of individual stars governing the life of individual persons has been destroyed by modern astronomy; but then the astronomer, by what he has cast down, has only opened up a clearer view of the mysteries to which there is no answer. That stately and harmonious march of the stars up and down the illimitable fields of space carries with it a feeling of awe and wonder beside which the crude ancient belief drops into insignificance. The mysteries of disease, which the primitive had to explain by means of plague, famine and witchcraft, have also gradually been unveiled. The modern mind searches, weighs, analyses, but it is absurd to say that its doing so obliterates poetry. On the contrary, it but clears the ground for a more vivid apprehension of the greatest of all mysteries—consciousness and the apparent ceasing of consciousness, which our forefathers in their homely way would have called the mysteries of life and death. So in everything else science appears to be cutting down and scattering to the winds the trumpery illusions, mystifications and doubts, due entirely to ignorance, and in every case the result is to open up an avenue to great and, as far as we know, unanswered and unanswerable mysteries. We can, for instance, explain a great deal by means of the law of gravitation, but the law itself—if it be a law—is still an incomprehensible object in an unexplored country. What we mean to be inferred from all this is that Mr. Hewlett misses the link of interest that ought to unite him and his readers when he goes back to classical themes for his poetry. We regret it the more because the little book before us contains evidences in abundance that he has a genuine if minor voice in the world of poetry. His Dedication, of which we give two verses, strikes a

note that is beautifully consistent throughout poems that vary considerably in subject, and have evidently been done at different times and in different moods :

I will make an altar of earth
With myrtle deckt and with yew,
Covered with sods : the dew
Shall wash it daintly and clean.
I raise it, O Child, to you ;
To the peace you have, and the mirth,
To the wells of love in your eyes
And the sweet tide of your breath,
To your young blood ere it dries ;
To Innocence, Andlour, and You.

Hymnia you shall be call'd ;
For worship of you the shrine
Is built of pure thought, and fine
As the mould of your shapeliness.
Let Summer breathe on it, and bees,
And the wind's love ; from the vine
I borrow clinging ; let Dawn
Greet you thro' lattice of trees—
Plane, and Poplar that sighs,
And Lime, the lover of bees.

In the second poem, " Leto's Child," there are many exquisite passages of description that recall the finest work in prose done by the author. Take the parting of Leto's children as an example :

But those Two left the sanctuary
(Of olives by the wine-dark sea
With winged Hermes, fixt and keen
To hail their birth-right : She to green
Arcadia, and the shoulderling downs,
Where hide the little roughcast towns
Of country folk, and dense woolland
Brimmeth the valleys on each hand ;

Perhaps we are mistaken, but the phrase about Arcadia, "the shoulderling downs" and "the little roughcast towns of country folk," for a reason which we cannot analyse, vividly recalls to mind Wiltshire and Salisbury Plain; but whether Italy or England, the merits of the description are indisputable. In most of the poems we feel that Mr. Hewlett is pursuing some ideal beauty, as the Knights of Arthur followed the Holy Grail, and occasionally he comes very near being a moralist and a writer of parables. "Latmos" is a case in point. Here is the description of the Huntress-Maid :

If you have seen her like, in yet-skimp'd gown,
Roving at careless will, her bright hair down
Her shoulders—mark her well : she plays the boy,
Known not of langour nor the airs of town,
The sighing nor the trembling : all her joy
Sparkles in her red lips and cheeks wind-blown.

Love her, yet see no word nor hint of it
Come near her. She is fierce, you may be bit.
Bitten you will be by your shameful thought
To dare a blush on that front all unwrit
With your stale learning. Too soon she'll be taught,
And ply you flash for flash of your thin wit.

She and Endymion meet and enjoy themselves together, but the companionship is spoiled by the intrusion of Love as the young man understands love. The last phrase gives an explanation of the purpose of Mr. Hewlett, which it would be a pity to spoil by paraphrasing :

Tremulously and low her silver voice
Swam into speech to make all earth rejoice—
A silver bell, the sighing of a flute
Made no more holy, or more delicate noise.
Endymion caught his breath and listened mute :—
She spoke, with warning finger held at poise.

" How wise it was of you to spoil our joy,
" Endymion (thus she scolded), with annoy
" Of mortal usage underneath the moon
" That is so white she cannot be decoy
" Of maidens from their treasure. All too soon
" I rue my kindness, stooping to a boy."

With that her pure throat let a little moan
That she was made so fair, that all alone
Her way must be, until in mortal man
That grace of God be given to look upon
Beauty for what it is, not what it can
Give unto us for sot to batten on.

So she with light upon her like a wreath
Of stars sped on her way with undim'd breath,
One little sigh she suffer'd, such as Gods
May know, who watch our footsteps far beneath
Their skyey thrones—envying our abode,
Envying our lives of love, perhaps our death.

The book is one which we think book-lovers, that is to say, those who love literature for its own sake, will prize, though it contains nothing that the man in the gallery will not carefully neglect.

CHAPTERS ON CLASSICAL MUSIC.

La Musique Ancienne, by Wanda Landowska. (*Mercure de France*.)

MUSIC is, and always will be we think, the subject of a great warfare of opinions. As we look back over the music of the centuries, we see the great ones of the past, who tower head and shoulders above their contemporaries. But, it is said, there are the great ones of the present, the composers who are, as it were, "making musical history," and who will, at any rate, be "masters" to a succeeding generation. Many who uphold this view push it to an extreme point. They would have us believe that the masters of to-day are of infinitely more importance than those of yesterday, that they are indeed on a highway of progress where any great veneration of the past betrays an unparalleled tendency towards retrogression. The time is come, they would tell us, to eulogise Strauss; Mozart may sink into a comparative oblivion. But again, there are many who hold that the value of modern music is an empty delusion; that it is a noisy, far-fetched invention lacking any real vitality; that Bach, in fact, will always show the hollowness of Debussy. To support this conservatism there are even certain modern composers, among them Max Reger is the most prominent, who deliberately go back to the past in matters of musical form. For our part it would seem that the extremists of both parties are wrong. In fact, it would seem absurd to cease to appreciate Bach and Mozart because we can see very much to appreciate in Strauss and Debussy. Nor would it be less absurd, in our appreciation of the classic masters, to close our eyes to the merits of those who are certainly leaving their mark on the music of to-day. This is an intensely interesting question to all lovers of music. Mme. Landowska, in her very interesting book, has gone into it fully and with considerable impartiality, although her personal predilection is obviously not for the modern school. She has some valuable things to say on the interpretation of the older classical masters, and some hard blows for that abomination, *Pinterprète à grand fracas*—in other words, the virtuoso. Mme. Landowska is to be congratulated on a valuable contribution to the literature of a deeply interesting subject.

TACTICS ON THE HOCKEY FIELD.

The Complete Hockey Player, by Eustace E. White, with contributions by Philip Collins and L. M. and J. Y. Robinson. (Methuen.)

THIS book is by far the most complete work on hockey that has yet been written, and is worthy of the series in which it appears. The chapters that will appeal most strongly to actual players are No. III. ("The Elements of Hockey") and Nos. V.—VIII., which give detailed instruction for every position in the field. It will surprise a good many players to learn that there are thirteen separate (legal) strokes; anyone who wishes to learn their names is referred to page 22 of the book. Chapters V.—VIII., entitled collectively "In Play," are almost complete. We say "almost," because we note three omissions, or partial omissions. First, there is no detailed discussion of the right tactics to employ against a side that plays without a goalkeeper—for example, it may sometimes be a good plan for a wing, as soon as he reaches the halfway line, to centre well forward through the backs; all that the book says is that "the tendency is for the game to degenerate into a scramble"; more might have been added. In fact, the whole question of the "no-goalkeeper game" deserves a chapter to itself; it should be noticed, however, that there is a reference to the problem in the excellent "Notes on the Rules." The second omission is this: though forwards are rightly warned against making a fetish of the short-passing game to the exclusion of individual play, the moral being pointed by reference to that prince of forwards, S. H. Shoveller, insufficient stress is laid on the more primitive long-passing game as an occasional variation. Thirdly, not enough attention is paid to "drawing two defenders." If five backs (excluding the goalkeeper) mark five forwards, the man who draws two defenders is the real goal-getter. In this respect the principles of attack in hockey, Association and Rugby football are identical. Neither in these chapters nor in that on University hockey is enough emphasis laid on this point. For the rest of the book there can be nothing but praise. One will find (among much else) full information about the history of the game, ladies' hockey and International matches. The illustrations are extraordinarily good. Perhaps the most interesting is that of a fourteenth century altar-pot at Copenhagen, showing a medieval "bully."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE April issue of this magazine is an exceptionally scholarly and able paper. Even the politics are possessed of general interest. Thus the opening paper on German Imperial Finance is an uncommonly able and lucid examination of a great subject without the shadow of political bias. It is a strange story that is unfolded of a Prussia that up to the German War had no national debt, and a Germany that having expended the enormous indemnity paid by France recklessly, and afterwards taken up the practice of borrowing, is in the way of making it a yearly institution, as with Russia. The development of our great neighbour will certainly be obstructed by the debt she is accumulating and by her ever-increasing outlay upon military and naval armaments. A most instructive account is given of Halley's Comet, and in "The Principles and Practice of Labour Co-partnership" we have another fine exposition of a problem of the moment, done with logic and impartiality. The essay on "French Literature from the Renaissance to the 'Classic Age'" is not only a satisfactory review of the period, but in itself a finished and excellent piece of literary criticism which deserves to find a place in some book that we doubt not is already in contemplation. Inevitably the number had to include an essay on the Poor Law Report of 1909, but it will be possible to write with more decision on this publication when it is supplemented by the succeeding volumes which are to contain the evidence taken. At present the most noticeable effect produced by the action of the Commissioners has been to divide public

opinion as to the proper course to be pursued. There are two articles devoted to poetry, one on that of Carducci and the other on two Canadian poets, Ficchette and Drummond. "Pragmatism" is a study of a subject very much to the fore at the moment. "Social Psychology" is another article dealing with an important topic of the hour. In the final article we get more politics than anywhere else. It is a comparison of the position of the Liberal Government now with what it was when it entered into power, and, of course, an Edinburgh reviewer can always be forgiven for taking a fairly optimistic view of the affairs of his own side.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.
The Russian Army and the Japanese War, by General Kuropatkin. Translated by Captain A. B. Lindsay. (Murray.)
Artemision, by Maurice Hewlett. (Elkin Mathews.)
The Weight of the Name, by Paul Bourget. (Gay and Hancock.)
Side-Tracks and Bridle-Paths, by Lionel James. (Blackwood.)
The Old Home, by Gerard Bendell. (Alston Rivers.)
The White Sister, by F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)
["NOVELS OF THE WEEK" ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE XXX.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

LAST week's match at Sandwich is worthy of some comment if only for the fact that the return to the old venue of Sandwich was very distinct success. It is doubtful whether very much importance need be attached to the number of sightseers, but, at any rate, the gallery, if not large, was critical and appreciative. This is not a good time of year for putting greens, when the new grass has yet to make its appearance; but the Sandwich greens, except for one or two that looked a little dry and dusty, appeared in good order, and with a fresh east wind blowing the course was a thoroughly sound test of golf. Indeed, there could scarcely have been a more difficult wind, at least as regarded the possibility of very low scoring. It was extremely difficult to reach the first hole in two shots, and the same remark applies to the seventh, thirteenth and fifteenth. The Maiden and Hades only required iron shots, but they had to be played with the greatest nicety or the ball hurled itself across the green and plunged into the pot bunkers beyond; indeed, from the point of vantage offered by the topmost pinnacle of the Maiden, it appeared hardly possible to stay by that hole, save by a slightly pulled shot that pitched against the hill and then, if lucky, fell lifeless by the holeside. The famous "Canal" hole was made tolerably easy, and it may incidentally be mentioned that this hole has been enormously improved by the disappearance of the "ribbon" bunker, which ran right across the green; so that now some profit accrues to the long driver whose second can trickle up on to the green if sufficiently accurately played to avoid the pot bunkers at the side. The last two holes, again, could be very easily reached in two shots, but a wind behind the player at the short and tricky sixteenth is of very doubtful assistance. Altogether the course was very far from easy, and the round of 78 and 77 played by Messrs. Durham and Smith represented sterling golf. Indeed, the difficulties were such as to make a good deal of the play appear of very moderate quality; but Cambridge were probably up to and Oxford considerably above the average of the teams of the last few years.

WOKING AND SUNNINGDALE.

The annual encounter between Woking and Sunningdale is always an interesting one; it takes an interesting and unusual form, and it combines the maximum of friendliness with the maximum of ferocity; it is a delightful social function and at the same time both sides evince a whole-hearted desire for victory. The two-day match played exclusively by



MR. HAMMOND CHAMBERS, THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN.



MR. C. V. L. HOOMAN AT THE FIRST TEE.

foursomes takes up too much time to become very common, apart from the fact that it is, alas! difficult to secure sixteen men who are content for two whole days to sink their individuality so far as to share the hitting of one ball with a partner. Those who have pleyed in such a match are, however, always loud in its praise, and, moreover, it does away as far as possible with the too selfish and individual character of most team matches; when each pair meets each of the opposing pairs, it is at least possible to feel that one is contending against the enemy as a whole and not merely against one particular foe. For the past two years Woking has just won after considerable excitement; indeed, last year it was only the missing of a dreadfully short putt by a Sunningdale golfer that prevented the match from being halved. This year Mr. Colt had gone through his list of members to some purpose, and produced four couples of a truly terrifying description; they won in the end by three matches, but not without some desperate fighting, there being several halved matches and many more that finished on the last green. The only pair on either side to go through the match undefeated were Messrs. Spencer and Smiike of Sunningdale, who won two and halved two; Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. Wyatt, a strong pair, won three but just lost one; Mr. Colt and Mr. Croome had a successful day at Sunningdale and a disastrous one at Woking; while Mr. Angus Hamro and Mr. Norman Hunter's success was hardly commensurate with their average length of drive. On the Woking side, the pair deserving of most credit were Mr. Hubert Pilkington and Mr. Tomkinson; the credit would have been greater still if they had not twice become too kind-hearted when they were in the otiose position of dormy three.

LONDON FOURSOMES.

A gentleman who watched the first three holes of the final of the London Foursome Tournament last Saturday remarked that his departure diminished the gallery by one third. What more eloquent testimony could there be to the entire lack of interest that is now taken in this competition? Yet Mr. Worthington and Mr. Chesterton played very well indeed, as they have throughout, and their performance in winning was clearly a good one. If the competition is to continue at all—its total extinction would not be without supporters—the amateurs must learn from the professionals and make a foursome carnival of it, playing off the first four rounds at least straight away upon one and the same course. It is rather dubious whether even this prospect is particularly alluring, but it would be better than the present desultory

state of affairs. It is really rather a pity that it is so much easier to institute a competition than to abolish it.

THE SUSSEX MEETING AT CROWBOROUGH.

We had great fun, as always, at the meeting of the Sussex County Union at Crowborough and the meeting preceding it, of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society and the Sussex "Martelets." The Society just won this match by a hole. What makes this meeting so amusing is that most of the Sussex courses are so *accidenté*—of the kind on which nothing ever can happen except the unexpected. Mr. Montmorency did an unexpectedly good score of 74—very fine play indeed, in a high wind, making a record; but on the first day of the individual championship, as it is called (to distinguish it from the team championship, which the Royal Ashdown Forest Club won for the second successive year), this was beaten by Mr. Ranson, going round in 72, and at the same time beating Mr. Osmund Scott. Almost equally unexpected, on the same day, was the beating of Mr. Montmorency by Mr. Makovski—only at the twenty-first hole—terrible work! But I am not sure, after all, that the prize was not taken by Mr. May, who, in the scoring competition, did a round of 88, beginning with a nine for the first hole, finishing with a nine for the last and having a one at the short hole in the middle. If more witness be needed to the *accidenté* nature of the course, here you may have it; and the reason why Sussex courses are mostly of this type is that they are either Down courses or Forest courses, in general, very precipitous, with the greens, in some cases, levelled out of the steep sides of Downs, so that they look rather like house-martins' nests set against a wall, or "sangars" on a cliffside of the Himalayas. For the second year in succession Mr. Lurcott, entirely by his fine approach play, has won the amateur championship of the county. In the final he met and beat Mr. Pigott, who had just before beaten Mr. Ranson. Mr. Lurcott's semi-final victim was Mr. Makovski, the conqueror of Mr. Montmorency.

A WORD TO THE GALLERY.

It seems, after the pleasant experience of acting as umpire at Burhill, a task which was something of a sinecure, owing to the good will and good knowledge of the new rules shown by the players, that a word of advice to the spectators might be given, to the effect that it is always for the greatest happiness of the greatest number to make the ring of lookers-on as large in circumference as possible. All that can be seen of the putting—it is seldom possible to see the hole itself—can be seen equally well from 50yds. as from 30yds.; but forming the circle with the larger radius means that a great many more will be able to see the play with tolerable comfort. Stewards and all whose duties and privileges admit them within the sacred circle should kneel or crouch in what graceful attitudes they please, so as not to obstruct the view of those behind. Thus it is best for all.

BRAID, TAYLOR, DUNCAN AND MAYO.

CONSIDERING what a young course it is at Burhill, the authorities are to be congratulated on its condition for the big foursome. It has more than the makings of a very fine course of the inland type; it is that already. The criticism to be made of it is that the putting greens still leave much to be desired and that the prevalence



MR. R. CAMPBELL PLAYING TO THE TENTH GREEN.

of the plantain indicates that they will want careful watching. It is certain, however, that they can and will be made good, for the soil is right and the care and knowledge applied to it are right; it is only a question of time. For the rest it is a course of good-length holes, well laid out and cleverly bunkered, on sufficiently undulating ground, and is all in a very beautiful setting of park trees. Indeed, there is no course which is more rich in the "amenities" of sylvan beauty—a very fine residential club-house, pleasure grounds, a river and a study in intensive gardening for those whose tastes are so inclined. Sylvan spring beauty is three weeks behind its normal time this year, and the growth of grass a full month behindhand. Had the latter condition been a normal one, no doubt there would have been a better chance of perfecting the greens; but as it was the course played well, and the lies through the green were all that could be wished. Some heavy showers during the twenty-four hours previous to the play had helped the green-keepers not a little.

The game opened sensational, Taylor finding a bunker off the first tee, Duncan laying a long approach dead at the second hole, Taylor failing at a very possible putt at the third—three down right away! Then Taylor, off a fine approach by Braids at the fourth, a short hole, holed a very good putt for a two—first check for the youngsters! After that, in the whole course of the first round they never won a hole. Duncan was not very accurate, and the older pair gave nothing at all away, both playing very finely, and the conclusion of that round was that the challengers, after winning the first three holes, stood five down on the match. After luncheon things very soon began to look very black for them, for they lost three out of the first four holes, and were now eight to the bad. Harry Vardon, who was among the spectators, and seemed very fit and well, had made a modest bet of 1s. that his fellow-veterans would lead by a double-figure number of holes at the end of the day—and it looked very like it at this point. The symptoms indicated something very like a procession, trousers in the van, knickerbockers following at a discreet distance; for this is how the players were respectively garbed, indicating the standing of each, the younger school in its smarter attire, the elder abiding by the example which the schoolboy has cited as being set by Asshur. Great credit is due to the younger ones that they did not accept this rearward place in that procession. Far from that, they made more than a good fight of it, for they knocked four holes off the lead of the others, so that with thirty-seven holes to play they were only four down. At the thirty-sixth, the last of the day's play, Duncan, rather under-clubbing himself, as it seemed, with an iron club against Taylor's spoon, was short of the green with his second, and the elders put one more to their credit and so finished the round as they started it—five



THE HON. DENYS FINCH-HATTON (OXFORD).

up. Duncan was a little unsteady all through the piece—there is no escaping that criticism—though he did some brilliant things now and again in approaching and putting; but he was not as deadly accurate as he has been lately, by all accounts, when practising at Hanger Hill. To Mayo great credit is due that he could keep their game going as he did, with his partner now and then disappointing him; but even he was not in the form by which he has made his reputation in respect of holing out his 3ft. to 9ft. putts. Braid, in spite of missing three shortish putts (two of them very easily excused by the difficulty of the greens, but the other quite an easy one), putted beautifully. He had the strength of the greens in the approach putts, with that exasperating slow swing of his aluminium putter, more accurately than any of the rest; and if he made a bad shot in any other part of the game, I had not the luck to see it. Now and again he was away in front of Mayo off the tee, but on the whole the latter kept fairly level with him, and, once again, it is very much to the credit of the younger player that the big artillery against him did not make him slacken his own fire, or lose control of it, in the least. As Taylor said to me, of Braid's putting, in the nineties he was the worst putter of all the good professionals,



MR. D. E. LANDALE BUNKERED ON THE WAY TO THE FIRST GREEN.

and now he is better than any other. It is true, and is a wonderful example of a man, by taking thought and completely changing his style, completely changing the quality of his putting. Whether a man with less perfectly steady nerves could ever school himself to wait so long for the return of his putter to the ball is a shrewd question. Taylor played like a book all through, though now and again, probably from a little anxiety at being occasionally short, he ran his partner past and out of holing. The older ones did not go quite as unerringly in the second round as the first, and so gave the youngsters a chance of pulling up, which they took very gallantly. Such luck as there was did not seem to favour youth. Once Duncan knocked the opponent's ball in, with his putt, when it lay so far from the hole that he certainly could not have done it had he tried; and once Mayo, from a very fair drive, got into a heinous bad rut. But it is not at all a fluky course, and the better pair, on the day, finished with just about the lead they deserved.

The Burhill Club deserves a word of thanks for its able management of the business, and the gallery was always ready

to do what was required of it, as soon as it began to fall into line and understood the tactics of the flag-waving stewards and the rope-men.

LAW AND THE LAND.

IT is common nowadays for a settlor or testator to provide for the payment of an annuity to the trustee while acting as such, by way of remuneration for the services rendered by him in a responsible and onerous office. In a recent case where this had been done, the settlement gave the settlor power to appoint new trustees, which power he exercised by appointing two new trustees to take the place of two who had died. Thereupon the Crown claimed succession duty on the annuities to which the new trustees succeeded, and also estate duty and settlement estate duty on the principal value of the capital funds yielding the annuities, but Mr. Justice Channell disallowed the claims upon the ground, so far as succession duty was concerned, that the annuity did not pass by reason of a death, but by virtue of the new appointment; and, as to estate duty and settlement estate duty, because the interest of the deceased trustees came within a proviso of the Finance Act, which exempts from liability to these duties property in which the interest of the deceased person was only an interest as holder of an office, namely, in this case, the office of trustee under the settlement.

An attempt has been made recently by the Worcestershire County Council to get an authoritative decision on the meaning of one of the rather obscure provisions of the Fertilisers and Feeding Stuffs Act, 1906, a measure of importance to all agriculturists and poultry-farmers, which, if properly administered, has many possibilities of usefulness to the farming interests of the country. The attempt did not altogether succeed, because the ultimate decision turned upon a point that was more technical than of general application; but, still, in the course of the proceedings before the justices and the High Court certain questions were evolved which are well worth the notice of both sellers and purchasers of fertilisers and foods for cattle and poultry. The prosecution was launched against a firm of corn merchants for selling "sharps" without giving an invoice stating the percentages of oil and albuminoids contained therein. Sharps, as is well known, is the generic name given to wheat offals, or what is left over of the grain of wheat when the flour has been extracted by the complicated processes of modern milling, and is mainly used as a food for poultry. The case was taken up by the county council with a view to ascertaining whether a seller of such an article can satisfy the obligations of the statute by giving an invoice which is of no practical use, instead of one that states the respective percentages of oil and albuminoids contained in the particular article. After hearing a great deal of evidence, the justices found that sharps are feeding-stuffs within the meaning of the Act, that they are artificially prepared otherwise than by being mixed, broken, ground, or chopped, and that the invoice in question did not state the respective percentages as required by the Act, and they accordingly convicted the defendants. The Court of King's Bench, however, quashed the conviction on the ground that if any offence at all had been committed it was that of giving a false invoice, for which it would have been practically impossible to prosecute in the present case, where it was admitted on all sides that the defendants had acted honestly and in good faith, and the purchaser was not prejudiced by getting a better article than he had bargained for. So it follows that so long as a seller of feeding-stuffs acts honestly there is no necessity for his invoice to be accurate, and no compulsion upon him to correctly inform his purchaser what is the feeding value of the article sold and bought. This appears to us to be an unsatisfactory state of things, and to largely render nugatory what one had hoped would have been in practice one of the most valuable provisions of the Act.

THE WYE FISHERIES.

TO the very interesting paper which Mr. J. A. Hutton recently read to the Manchester Anglers' Association on salmon scales he added some notes on the improvement of the salmon-fishing in the Wye. As this is a matter of more than local importance, and may, unless the full particulars are stated, give rise to some incorrect inferences, it is worth while to state what has really taken place, as it is by no means certain that the total take of salmon in the Wye has improved of recent years. The fisheries in the lower Wye were with very small exceptions, the property of the Duke of Beaufort, throughout all the portion of the river up which the tide flowed, and in the sixties were leased to some very experienced Scotch fishermen who resided at Chepstow—Messrs. Miller Brothers. This firm had practically the entire control of the tidal water of the Wye, and fished it fairly hard. What their actual annual take was has never been published, although certain figures of doubtful accuracy have appeared from time to time purporting to give their take; but as Messrs. Miller paid a heavy rent, as they paid their men partly by a share in the fish and as their expenses were large, their take of salmon must have been considerable. Practically, the salmon were caught in two ways—by what are known as stop nets, used chiefly below Chepstow, and draft nets, used above that place to the head of the tideway, and so well were they worked that by far the larger part of the fish entering the Wye were taken on their way up the river before reaching the non-tidal waters. Although Messrs. Miller were very reticent as to their catch, there is good reason to believe it did not average less than 10,000 salmon a year in the Wye

portion of the fisheries, and was probably a great deal more; but it may be taken at 10,000 a year. When the Duke of Beaufort's fisheries were sold, with his other Monmouthshire estates, they were purchased by the Crown and let to the Wye Association. That body, in order to improve the salmon angling in the Wye and to get up a stock of salmon in the river, ceased to work the nets in the tidal portions. There are practically no pollutions on the Wye, nor any weirs, and when once the tidal nets were removed, fresh-water netting having been made illegal by a bye-law, the Wye was placed in a better position than any other river in England and Wales, and should furnish the best possible angling. The number of salmon taken by the rod, as given by Mr. Hutton, are: 1906, 468; 1907, 1,421; 1908, 1,571. These figures show a very great improvement over the numbers that used to be caught by anglers during the time Messrs. Miller rented the river, but they certainly do not show such a very great improvement, as, having regard to the river and its natural capacity for producing salmon, might have been reasonably expected. The causes for this are not hard to see; one is preventable, the other two are not. In spite of its beauty as a stream the Wye is not an ideal salmon river; a large proportion of the main river is not good spawning-ground. No one who travels by the Mid-Wales railway from Three Cocks to Rhayader and keeps a careful look-out at the river will fail to observe that such is the rocky nature of the bed that good spawning-ground is rarely seen. The result is that the salmon to spawn have to go up the different tributaries, in some of which there is plenty of very good spawning-ground where any number of salmon might be bred.

This brings us to the preventable cause why the Wye is not so prolific a salmon river as it should be. The tributaries are difficult, it might almost be said impossible, to properly protect, and the Wye Board has never yet been able, in spite of various heroic efforts, effectively to put down poaching. In most parts of Wales when a salmon ascends a stream to spawn he never leaves it alive, and the upper tributaries of the Wye are no exception to the rule. Probably there is no part of Wales where the use of the gaff is better understood than in Radnorshire and Breconshire, and here its use has become a fine art, based on an accurate knowledge of the salmon and its habits. It is quite possible that Rebecca and her daughters are too much for the combined efforts of the Wye Board and the police of Radnorshire and Breconshire; but as long as the present state of things continues, and there seems no present prospect of its discontinuance, the Wye will never produce its proper supply of fish.

The third reason is the effect of the Birmingham Waterworks. It may be that the Elan as a spawning stream was no great loss, and that the Wye could well afford to lose it, especially as in the Cardiganshire Hills poaching is not an amusement, but an occupation; but the effect that the abstraction of the water of that river and the consequent decrease of freshets has produced is a matter of very serious moment. Possibly it may not be so prejudicial to the Wye as a like abstraction is to other rivers, as there are no weirs on the Wye

for the fish to surmount, and there is nothing to prevent the fish going up if they are so disposed; but no one who sees the Wye in the summer, and who knows anything about the habits of salmon, but will say that what it wants is more, not less, water. At present it is not possible to say what will be the effect of Birmingham on the Wye. It is to be devoutly hoped that the great London scheme will not follow on, as the Wye could not lose the Irfon and Ithon as well as the Elan and Clewes. This alteration in the natural state of the river must affect the condition of fish-life, and it may account for the fact stated by Mr. Hutton that there are so few grilse in the Wye especially as the same thing has been noticed in the Severn since the Liverpool Waterworks were made in its head-waters. During the nineteen years that have elapsed since those waterworks were finished, there has not been a really good grilse year on the Severn, the reason being that the waterworks have done away with the summer freshets, which brought up the grilse to the fresh water. If the same thing occurs on the Wye, it will be of interest as showing one of the effects of waterworks on salmon migration. Mr. Hutton also notes that the weight of the individual fish on the Wye has increased; the same thing has been observed on the Severn, but there it is not so much that individual fish have increased in size, but that there have been no appreciable number of grilse to bring down the average, as used to be the case. If after a few years' experience this state of things on the two rivers proves to be the same, or nearly the same, some definite conclusion may be gained as to the effects of the alteration of the natural order of things on a river.

Both on the Wye and on the Severn a very important question is arising: Are the fisheries really holding their own? Mr. Hutton answers for the Wye "certainly," but it is not so obvious that it is so. The increased catch of the rods and the appearance of more fish at spawning-time prove nothing except that the difficulties the salmon have in going up the river are far less than formerly; but this is common knowledge. If with the same catch there used to be in the tidal water the increase in the rod-fishing was shown, then there could be no doubt of a decided improvement; but nothing is known as to the number of fish in the tideway; the number caught by the rod and the number seen on the spawning-beds cannot be said to prove an increase in the stock of fish. They may do so, but it is one of the points that want clearing up. As the Wye Association did some netting in the tideway last year, it would be interesting to know if their experience of the quantity of fish there goes to show an increase over the old times or whether fish are scarcer than they used to be. On the Severn there is no increase; it is holding its own, but how long it will be able to do this under existing conditions is one of those points on which it is idle to speculate. It would be of very great interest if someone who really knew the condition of the Wye in the old days and now would vouchsafe some information as to whether the Wye is, like the Severn, just holding its own, or whether the stock of fish in the river is increasing as well as the number of fish taken with rod and line.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW WE COOK SPINACH IN FRANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Pick over your spinach, wash it carefully, shake it dry; throw it into a saucepan of boiling water for five minutes; remove it and throw it into cold water; press all the water out of it, wash it, pass it through a sieve; put it into a saucepan with 2oz. of fresh butter, a little salt, a little pepper, a scanty dusting of flour; after five minutes it will be cooked. Have ready the yolk of a fresh egg with which you have incorporated two dessert-spoonfuls of fresh thick cream; mix with the spinach. Now dish up the spinach with a garniture of fried crusts of bread, or with eggs poached in a poacher, or with hard-boiled eggs cut in half. Instead of the yolk of egg and cream, a good clear gravy or meat juice may be used; in this case garnish with fried ham, or braised ham, or tiny sausages, or, again, with poached eggs. For six persons at least 1lb. of spinach, 2oz. of butter, one yolk of egg, two dessert-spoonfuls of cream, or else instead of eggs and cream, three dessert-spoonfuls of thick jelly-like gravy.—MARY DUCLAUX.

EELS AND SALMONIDÆ.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is a photograph of an eel choked by endeavouring to swallow a small salmon about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight. The eel was about 1lb. to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in weight. The eel was discovered by Mr. John Oxenham in the River Exe at Fairby, about three miles from Tiverton. It is probable that a fisherman, fishing for trout and not holding a salmon licence, caught and badly hooked this young salmon and, of course, had to put it back into the river again, where it died, and the eel came along and picked it up and thereby met its death. Fishing (with worms, etc.) for eels is not allowed in the river Exe.—H. E. HARR.

IN A CORNER OF KENI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think you will like to publish this drawing by Mr. H. G. Webb. It is a most accurate and complete representation of a surviving gem of the late Norman period. The little Kentish church of Barfreston, of which it is the south doorway, is rather a problem. The work, not only of this doorway but of the circular east window, of the chancel arch and of the many carved corbels and panels, is extremely rich. Yet the church is not only very small—43ft. long and 16ft. wide—but rather rough and homely in its general disposition and structure. In 1840 it was in a somewhat ruinous condition. The ivy had been allowed to gain full mastery of the south wall; it had penetrated the flint work, and even when removed from the outside continued to grow and flourish within. Much rebuilding was necessary, which was very well done. All ashlar stones were replaced exactly *in situ* without interference with their surface, even the lichens being preserved, and no stone was renewed that had not completely perished. Thus, in the doorway illustrated, every bit is original, except the plinths and three or four stones in the jambs. But the pulling down and resetting brought to light a considerable number of carved ashlar stones used in the walls as rough material, and it was noticeable

that many of the detailed and ornamented features seemed to have been set in by a mason who did not quite understand them. Yet the whole church was of the date of this built-in work which seems to have been more abundant and more elaborate than consorted with the little edifice. Was it intended for a larger and more sumptuous edifice and only used at Barfreston as an after-thought? In 1184 Baldwin, a man of austere and monkish character, became Archbishop of Canterbury by choice of King and bishops and against the wishes of the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, with whom the





THE SOUTH DOOR: BARFRESTON CHURCH.

election legally resided. Hence came a furious quarrel, all the more bitter because the luxurious and splendid style of living at the monastery offended the bishop. He therefore set to work to found a college for secular priests at Hackington, within half a mile of Canterbury, and the building of its church and domestic edifices was begun. Over this a European controversy arose. The Pope and certain Continental princes were for the monks; Henry II. supported the Archbishop. Despite papal thunder, the Hackington buildings went on, but at last in 1189 a compromise was reached. The principle that the Archbishop might build a church where he liked was conceded, but Hackington was given up, and all traces of it soon disappeared. What happened to the material prepared? We know absolutely nothing of when or by whom the Barfreston church was built. All we know is that this tiny church of this unimportant 500-acre parish, lying eight miles south of Hackington, not only exhibits features of the finest and latest Norman work—such as Bishop Pudsey was using at this very date for his Castle of Durham—but that so much carved ashlar stone, by no means of local product, got there and that some of it was buried in its flint walls. What more likely, then, than that portions of the abandoned collegiate church found their way there? Who will deny that the beautiful doorway of the illustration would have been a worthy side entrance to the glorious fane which Archbishop Baldwin had conceived and began to create?—T.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOUNDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My thanks are due to "X." for so courteously acceding to my request for further information regarding the relationship of French and English hounds. It is most interesting, and I think his supposition of the interchange of hounds between England, Scotland and France is no doubt right; but presumptions are not facts, and "X." does not now give his authority for the alliance of Souillard with the "Italian pointer bitch," or for the succession of importations he gave as facts in his account of the Cotley Harriers. It cannot be concluded that Mary Queen of Scots was a "keen follower" of hounds from the fact of her having a full while stag-hunting—for the letter in which it is related continues, if I remember right, that she was so upset by the fall that she decided to forego such exercise in future! I should like to know more of "Baulde." "X." must have some earlier authority than du Fouilloux, who wrote nearly a century later than Ann de Beauchamp and who refers to "Baude" as being sent to Souillard—not as his descendant; but as du Fouilloux gives the names of Souillard's companions as those of his progeny, there is no reliance to be placed on the story.—ALICE DRYDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have one slight correction to make to my article on this subject, which appeared in your issue of April 24th. I should have said that the Axe Vale Harriers hunt hare till Christmas, after which they devote themselves mainly to roedeer and fox. Reverting to "X.'s" theories of a French ancestry for the Cotley Harriers, surely he forgets the important fact that in England, in mediæval times, light-coloured hounds were well known, and this long before the introduction of the French Greffier strain, mentioned by Turberville in his "Booke of Hunting," published in 1576.—H. A. BRYDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be sorry to differ from Mr. H. A. Bryden on any subject connected with hounds; but I do not think that he has in any way invalidated my arguments for a foreign origin of our English hounds. Of course, it is a matter of probability, since direct evidence is difficult to obtain. But I confess I think that converging lines of probability all lead us to one conclusion—the descent of our English hounds, through the great white hounds of the French Royal kennel, from the white St. Hubert. We have established the intercourse of Scotland and France in the time of the two Maries; the intercourse of England and France during the reign of James I., which was drawn still closer under Charles I. and Charles II.; we have direct evidence of the importation of French hounds by Charles I. when Prince of Wales; there is the colour and type of the hounds which in the case of the old staghound and its descendants in the Cotley and other kennels is identical with those of many authentic portraits of Vendéean hounds, whose descent from the Royal white hounds is undoubtedly. We know how persistently colour and type recur in our kennels, indicating a reversion to an old, pure and prepotent race of yellow and white hounds. There is also the opinion of Comte de Canteleu, no mean authority, that he could safely cross the Vendéean hounds with yellow or badger-pied English foxhounds without losing the type or character of the French hound. Again, there is the occasional recurrence of the pointer type, of which Mr. Bryden gives an interesting example from the pack of our common friend, Mr. Morland Greig. I believe myself that the reversion to the pointer type comes down to us from the Greffiers of the Royal kennels of France. I venture to think I have shown that there is more indirect evidence for my opinion, and I think the convergence of probabilities justifies the conclusion I have drawn.—X.

INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following instance of intelligence in birds will, I think, interest the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. On April 24th while at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, I threw a scarlet-runner bean into the cage containing a Burmeister's Cariama (Chunga Burmeisteri). The bright colour of the seed at once attracted attention and it was promptly seized. Finding it, after experiment, too hard, and too large to be immediately swallowed, the bird carried it up to the stone-work surrounding its drinking fountain and, throwing the head far back, with one splendid effort swung the neck forward and dashed the promising morsel against the stone, smashing it, at once, into two pieces, which were promptly swallowed. A second bean was treated exactly in the same fashion, and with the same result! Did the bird reason with itself that force must be used to break this seed, and that the stonework was harder, and therefore more likely to achieve this, than the gravel on the floor of the cage? Though this bird in a wild state—it is a South American species—will eat berries, its principal food is said to consist of insects and their larvae, small mammals, snakes, lizards, snails and worms. This being so, the question suggests itself: Is this summary method employed by the wild bird to stun such of its victims as may need such a quietus? If such is the case, the action just described is more easily understood. I tested a crested screamer (Cariama cristata) in the next cage in the same way, but the bird, after taking up the seed and holding it for a moment in its beak, dropped it and took no further notice. As this is very closely related to Chunga, I naturally expected to see the same course of action adopted. It is well known that crows will take crabs and mussels up to a great height and drop them on to the rocks below for the sake of smashing their shells—I have repeatedly seen this done; and the common thrush, of course, usually smashes snails by dashing them against a stone, but this last habit has become a part of the daily life of every thrush. But the action of the thrush differs in this—that the snail is not, as it were, hurled from the beak to the ground, but is retained in the jaws during the whole work of fracture.—W. P. PYGMAE.

A SUFFOLK MOLE-CATCHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While in Suffolk recently I came across the old man in the accompanying picture, who, though over eighty years of age, still plies his strange calling of mole-catcher, and with his primitive traps, which he makes himself, meets with considerable success in ridding the farm lands in the vicinity of Dunwich of moles, which have recently in various parts of the country become such a pest.—HORACE W. NICHOLLS.





KITTEN AND DORMICE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Dormice are very easily tamed. One of those in the enclosed photograph was found in a field only a short time ago and is now allowed a considerable amount of liberty. On being introduced to the kitten they showed no fear, but tried to burrow into her fur, which seemed to strike them as intended for a cosy nest, while the cat betrayed only a mild interest in their doings, though I need hardly add that her actions were most carefully watched by the owner of the dormice.—G. WANSKY SMITH.

ACCIDENT TO A FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of the pad of fox killed on March 27th last near Malpas by Sir Watkin Williams Wynns hounds. Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, one of the greatest sportsmen on the hunting-field, says there is no doubt this fox's pad must have been caught in a snare, and that it cut right through to the bone, and the flesh grew round it. The fox must have bitten the snare through, and it evidently did not prevent its giving a good chase. It was found in this state exactly when the hounds killed it. The snare, it will be seen, was composed of brass wire twisted.—J. R. CROSSE.

THE MAGPIES' PETITION.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I see in your issue of April 10th a letter about the magpies in St. James's Park and the Green Park, and I have also seen a suggestion in another paper that the magpies should be got rid of, as well as a question as to how long they have been in the parks. I am therefore sending you a copy of a poem written sixty-five years ago by Mr. Cayley Shadwell, which is so curiously appropriate to the present time that I think it cannot fail to interest your readers :

* TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF LINCOLN, CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF HER MAJESTY'S WOODS AND FORESTS, ETC., ETC.

Great Lord of the Forests of Lincoln the Peer
To the humble complaint of your Magpies give ear,
Your Magpies who soon will exterminate be
If not, Lord Commissioners, rescued by thee !
For long in these shades have our Forefathers dwelt,
And no change but the change of the seasons have felt
But now a change comes worse than wintry storm,
Which is not improvement—so may be Reform.
With our cousins the Ravens, the Daws and the Rooks,
We are all of us down in the Keepers' Black Books,
And not anywhere now can we flutter or hop;
But at us a Green man is ready to pop;
And the horrid long guns that cut our days short
Tho' not a Committee will make a Report.
They say that the Ducks lately placed on the mere
For their eggs and their Ducklings our pilfering fear,
But this false accusation do make them retract
For not one of us ever was caught in the fact,
And this argument, too, they will find quite a Crux.
The Ducks come to the Mags, not the Mags to the Ducks.
So while ancient possession our int'rest thus backs
We trust that your Lordship won't listen to Quacks.
The next Bill you present to the Queens Parliament
Do for goodness sake let it a *Birds Bill* be,
And to further our cause (caws)
Prey put in the clause (claws)
That from guns and from Green men will set us all free.
So in the Ancient City of the Bird
Shall Lincolns praises be for ever heard
And Cuckoo - Cloud - land pray in chirping chorus
"That Lincoln long continue to reign o'er us."



So shall we have the good old Forest law
And your Petitioners shall ever caw.

Signed, MIKE MAGPIE,
JIM CROW,
LA GAZZA LADRA,
ROOK JUSTICE,
JAY, for self and brothers,
JACK DAW, his claw,
JOHANNES PICUS DE MIRANDOLA.

By way of Postscript one word more, Oh give that word digestion !
Tho' party-coloured Birds we are, 'tis not a Party Question.

Written by Mr. Cayley Shadwell, barrister, in 1844, brother of Vice-Chancellor Shadwell."—M. BULLAR.

PLANTING DAFFODILS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—We may be said just now to be in the very glory of the daffodil season, and my purpose in writing to you is to ask you to publish a plea for what I, at least, presume to be the right way of planting these flowers to give the best effect. I speak more particularly of the way in which they should be planted in grass; in beds it is another matter, because there they are in a fairly artificial setting. They may be placed in big masses, or in little patches, according to the taste of the gardener and the general design and colour scheme of the bed. But I do wish to protest against the way in which we sometimes see them planted in grass—in such density as to cover the field, or orchard, or whatever it be, completely. It is one cloth of gold. It is splendid, brilliant, but it ceases entirely to be anything like daffodils in grass. It is a field of daffodils, and the grass has ceased to exist, or, at all events, to make any showing. What I conceive that we want, and aim at, in planting our daffodils among the grass is to make it appear, more or less, as if they were set there by Nature. It must, of course, be a glorified edition of the natural thing. The cultivated daffodil has a much finer bloom than the wild, and we shall put the blooms thicker than they will ever be likely to appear in Nature; but still we shall have, or ought to have, as I think, plenty of grass space between the clumps or patches of flowers. We then get the golden blossoms looking like stars set in a sky of green, with the grey bluish green of the foliage of the daffodils giving a good note against the different green of the grass. We get variety. Where daffodils are planted so densely as to give a continuous sheet of yellow we do not get this variety; we get a monotony—splendid, indeed, but still a monotony. Thus planted, in my humble opinion, they miss their mark.—H.

[We agree entirely with our correspondent. Daffodils in grass should be as if they were flung from the lap of Nature, and overcrowding spoils the picture. As one of the great gardeners of the day says of planting daffodils in grass: "As for the shape of the planting, there can be little doubt that in fair-sized spaces the most pictorial effect is gained by planting in long drifts, something like the way leaves are blown into drifts along road edges or on to the ground that lies in long informally parallel ridges. Or imagine some very long slender fish, 20ft. to 50ft. long, with pointed tails as well as heads, laid irregularly on the ground with their heads all one way. It is always a little difficult to plant bulbs otherwise than too formally, and also sometimes difficult to explain. One way is to throw the bulbs on the ground and plant them exactly where they fall. An attempt should be made to plant the middle regions of the groups thickest, giving the effect of an established nucleus from which seed has spread."—ED.]

CAT AS FOSTER-MOTHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows my cat, which has acted as foster-mother to my chickens for the last six years. She fondles and plays with them in the same manner as if they were her kittens.—E. TIBBLES.

